CITY OF CARDIFF.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

OF

Welsh Historical Sculpture

PRESENTED TO

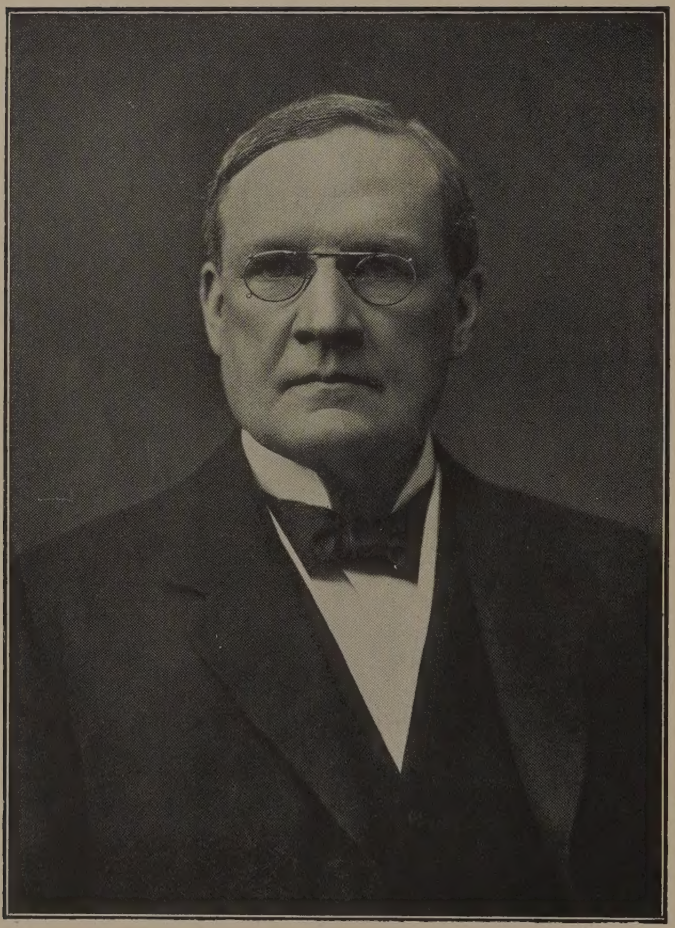
THE CITY OF CARDIFF

BY

THE RIGHT HON. LORD RHONDDA OF LLANWERN, M.A.

ON THE 27th OCTOBER, 1916.

WITH PREFACE BY CECIL G. BROWN, LL.B., TOWN CLERK, AND W. S. PURCHON, M.A., A.R.I.B.A., CONTAINING A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE CITY HALL AND LAW COURTS AND OTHER BUILDINGS IN THE CATHAYS PARK.



Rt. Hon. Lord Rhondda of Llanwern, m.a.

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PREFACE.

THE CITY HALL AND LAW COURTS.

The City Hall and Law Courts erected in 1904 on a site in the Cathays Park (purchased by the Corporation from the late Marquess of Bute under special statutory powers for use as a civic centre and a site for public buildings) form a group, the design of which by Lanchester and Rickards, is based on the renaissance of England and of France, which the Architects have treated in an original manner.

CITY HALL.

The south or principal front is a composition of three main masses ; the central one being occupied by the main entrance, with its richly treated porte-cochere, which is used on all ceremonial occasions. Above the porch is the main window of the Council Chamber, over which apartment is a lead-covered dome surmounted by a representation of the Welsh Dragon, modelled by H. C. Fehr, and cast in lead on an unusually large scale. The two large groups of statuary flanking the centre window represent the sea receiving the three rivers of the City, the Taff, Rhymney, and Ely. The end pavilions are treated with bay windows with square attics over, one of the latter giving light to the Lord Mayor's Parlour. The transition from the form of the bay to that of the square attic is managed by means of groups of statuary which form a series with those on the corresponding pavilions of the Law Courts. The group on the western pavilion is by Paul Montford, representing "Music and Poetry," while on the eastern pavilion is a representation of "Welsh Unity and Patriotism," by Henry Poole.

Thr breadth of treatment given to the east and west facades by the plain masses of the end pavilions is particularly noteworthy. In the centre of the west front, to King Edward VII Avenue, is the usual entrance, and over this is the Clock Tower, perhaps the most striking feature of the City Hall. The richly treated upper part of the tower, beautified by figures (modelled by H. C. Fehr) representing the four winds, gains by the contrast with the severely plain sub-structure.

The Clock is of the skeleton type, with quarter, half-hour, and hourly chimes.

The outstanding feature of the interior decoration of the City Hall is the Marble Hall on the first floor, with its monolithic columns in Sienna Marble, forming an approach to the Assembly Hall of great dignity and beauty.

The Assembly Hall is a fine room well and interestingly treated with an Ionic order set diagonally, the vigorous horizontal lines of the entablature being characteristic of the work of the Architects. The richly treated segmental ceiling, pierced by the windows, and the magnificent electric light pendants, make this room a particularly beautiful one.

The Council Chamber is also artistically treated, the walls being panelled in oak inlaid with holly. The seating which is also of oak is circular in form and is upholstered in claret coloured leather. The outer circles of seats are raised, whilst in the centre is a large table for the use of the Press. Forty seats are provided for Councillors and twelve for Aldermen. In addition there are seats for the Town Clerk and his assistants and other officials. At the back of the Chamber is a public gallery. The Lord Mayor has a special seat at the eastern end of the Chamber with an entrance from behind, between inlaid columns that support the canopy. Fixed to the two outside columns are bronze models of two ships, representing the Port of Cardiff. The two centre columns are surmounted by figures supporting a crown projecting over the Lord Mayor's Chair and forming a canopy with appropriate drapery. Behind the Chair are two magnificent marble pillars, and two corresponding ones are on the west of the Chamber. These columns support the dome, and are from the celebrated antique quarry of Fleur-de-Peche, Breccia of Polinice Neri. From the centre of the apartment hangs a beautiful electric light pendant, in addition to which bronze wall brackets are fixed. The Chamber has four large circular windows above the cornice, and a massive and richly stained window depicting Dame Wales, illustrative of the commercial life of Wales.

The flags of Great Britain, America, France, and Russia hang from the walls, together with the flag of Cardiff, presented by the City to the Scott Expedition on leaving the Port for the Antartic in 1910, flown on the "Terra Nova" during the voyage, and handed back to the Lord Mayor on behalf of the City on the 17th June, 1913, by Commander Evans.

The busts are those of the late Alderman Daniel Jones, J.P., twice Mayor, 1875-1876 ; Alderman David Jones, J.P., Mayor 1888-89 ; and Mr J. L. Wheatley, Town Clerk 1879-1919 and first Clerk of the Peace.

On the walls are portraits of former Mayors including the late Marquess of Bute who held office in 1890.

The Lord Mayor's Parlour is situate on the south corridor of the Hall on the first floor. The room is very lofty, and finished with panelled walls and ceiling. From the centre hangs a handsome electrolier.

Besides the Welsh Historical Statuary presented by the late Lord Rhondda the Corporation have been the recipients of various works of art.

The Lord Mayor's Parlour contains a bronze equestrian statuette of Louis XIV ; Bass and side drums of the 16th Welch Regiment (Cardiff City Battalion) ; the Regimental Colours of the 19th (Pioneer) Battalion The Welch Regiment ; a life-size portrait in oils of Sir Herbert Mackworth, Bart., Member of Parliament for Cardiff, 1754-1790 (Painter unknown) ; a fine framed example of Italian mosaic work (presented to the Corporation by the late Alderman Sir Thomas Morel, Mayor 1898-1899) ; Autographed photogravure portraits of H.M. King Edward VII and H.M. Queen Alexandra (presented by Sir William Smith Crossman, J.P.); H.M. King George V., H.M. Queen Mary, and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales (presented by Sir John W. Courtis, J.P.) ; a framed script containing the Oath taken by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales upon his admission as an Honorary Freeman of the City of Cardiff on the 26th June, 1919, signed by His Royal Highness ; a brass shell cap (4.5 in. Howr. II, 1918) presented by the Curran Metal and Munitions Company Limited, 14th February, 1918 ; two Sevres Vases and Pedestals (presented to the Corporation by the late Mr and Mrs Isaac Samuel, February, 1910) ; two bronze ornaments (presented by Samuel Brothers, May, 1913).

Mrs Andrew Fulton, widow of Alderman Andrew Fulton, J.P., Mayor, 1884, bequeathed part of her residuary estate to be applied to the completion and decoration of the City Hall, and the purchase of paintings, statuary, and other works of art.

Near the entrance to the Council Chamber are two pictures purchased from the Fulton Fund, "The Shadow," by E. Blair Leighton, and "Winter," by Joseph Farquharson, A.R.A. Here is also a portrait, by Herbert Draper, of the late Lieut.-Colonel Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, M.P. Also near the entrances to the Council Chamber are busts of the late Alderman William Sanders, J.P., Mayor 1889-90, and the late Charles Crofts Williams, five times Mayor, a Deputy Lord Lieutenant of the County, and High Sheriff for the year 1859.

There are large pictures on either side of the main entrance to the Assembly Room, one on the western side "The Penitent's Return," by Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., purchased from the Fulton Funds, and the other on the eastern side a painting by Miss Margaret Lindsay Williams, of the National Ceremony of the Unveiling of the Welsh Historical Sculpture by the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, presented by J. C. Meggitt, Esq., J.P., of Barry.

The Assembly Room contains portraits of General Botha, by Frank C. King ; of the Earl of Plymouth, Mayor of Cardiff, 1895 ; and of Thomas William Booker, High Sheriff of the County 1848. Also a painting "Ivor Bach dictating terms to Earl William at Cardiff Castle, 1158," by Frank Howard.

On each of the staircases leading from the Marble Hall to the ground floor is a bronze memorial. That on the eastern staircase by George Frampton, R.A.,

commemorates the late Sir Edward James Reed, Member of Parliament for the Borough 1880-1895 and 1900-1906, and that on the western staircase by W. Wheatley Wagstaff is in memory of Robert Falcon Scott, K.C.B., C.V.O., Commander of the British Antartic Expedition above referred to.

In the corridor leading from the Marble Hall to the Luncheon Room are two paintings, "The Holy Loch, Greenock," by James Greenless, and the "Bay of Naples," by John Glover.

In the corridor leading to the Lord Mayor's Parlour are portraits of Lieut.-Colonel F. H. Gaskell, of the 16th (Cardiff City) Battalion Welch Regiment, and of Sir William James Thomas, both by L. De Berna ; The Ceremony of Investiture of the Lord Mayor of Cardiff with the Lord Mayoral Thumb Ring, November, 1911," by Frank Craig ; "The Knighting of the Lord Mayor of Cardiff" (Sir William Smith Crossman, J.P.), by W. Hatherall ; and an example of the work of a Welsh Artist, Penry Williams, the "Procession returning from Festa of the Madonna del Arco at Naples."

In the western corridor, which runs towards the Town Clerk's office, is a bronze tablet to the memory of the late Lieutenant Walter Francis Graves, Councillor for the Roath Ward of the City, who was killed in action at the first battle of Ypres, November 7th, 1914. Also the following paintings :—"Through the Woods," by Mark Anthony, who lived for a time at Cowbridge ; "The Ripple, Forth of Clyde, Scotland," by Aster Corbould ; a portrait of the late Professor J. Havard Thomas, R.W.A., M.A., the Sculptor (who supervised the carrying into effect of the scheme for the Welsh Historical Statuary), by Miss Margaret Lindsay Williams ; a water colour drawing of "The Old Town Hall," by J. M. Staniforth ; a print of "The Great Bridge over the River Taff" ; and several photographs of former Mayors and Lord Mayors of the City.

In the passage connecting the corridor with the landing above the stairway leading down to the western entrance to the City Hall is an oil painting of "Cardiff Castle from the river," presented by Mr Gwyn, Town Clerk of Cowbridge. On the eastern wall of the landing between the doors from the western entrance to the Assembly Room is a plaster cast by I. Evan Thomas entitled "Science unveiling Ignorance." On the opposite wall is an oil painting by G. F. Harris "The King saluting the grave of an unknown Soldier." On the southern wall is a brass memorial tablet erected by Members of the 38th Welsh Heavy Battery R.G.A. in memory of their Comrades who fell in the War.

On the staircase wall is a seascape by Norman Wilkinson of "H.M.S. Cardiff leading in the surrendered German Fleet, 21st November, 1918," opposite which is a memorial to the Officials and Employees of the Corporation who served in the War.

At the foot of the staircase in another plaster cast by I. Evan Thomas.

THE LAW COURTS.

The architectural treatment of the Law Courts was skilfully devised in harmony with the City Hall, but on somewhat severer lines. The south front, continues the treatment of that of the City Hall, but without the central porch.

The end pavilions are similar to those of the City Hall with groups of statuary. The group on the western pavilion is by D. McGill and represents "Science and Education," while that on the eastern pavilion is by Paul Montford and represents "Commerce and Industry."

The eastern facade (to King Edward VII Avenue) resembles the western facade of the City Hall in its blank end pavilions, but contains as its central feature the main entrance, with a fine double loggia, surmounted by two beautifully designed cupolas. The western facade, to the Canal, is also treated with great ability.

Internally, the Law Courts if somewhat more austere are no less beautiful than the interior of the City Hall, and contain an Entrance Hall, Lobby, Nisi Prius and Crown Courts ; a Magistrate's Court ; and a Wreck Inquiry and Coroner's Court. The walls of these Courts are panelled in oak and fitted with oak furniture in keeping with the general style and fittings of the Council Chamber in the City Hall.

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES.

To the east of the City Hall is the National Museum of Wales, now in course of construction. The portion already erected is only about a quarter of the complete scheme, as may be seen from the interesting model in the Museum.

One hundred and thirty designs were submitted in competition, and the Assessors Sir Aston Webb, Sir J. J. Burnet, and the Mr E. T. Hall, awarded the first place to Messrs. Smith and Brewer, to whom the work was entrusted. The Architects have designed a building with an able plan and a noble architectural treatment, worthy of its position as a national monument in a group mainly devoted to City and County purposes. The leading motive of the plan is the large interior court surrounded by the public galleries on two floors, while outside the public galleries is the space for the reserve collections with a mezzanine floor between the ground and first floors. In the completed scheme the total superficial area in the public galleries, and in the reserve galleries will be 81,000 feet and 50,000 feet respectively. The entrance is arranged in the centre of the south front, and leads to a magnificent hall under the dome.

The exterior, while refined to a marked degree, is by no means lacking in strength, and it seems clear that the structure, when completed, will possess that

crowning quality of unity which is so rare in buildings of such dimensions. In the earlier drawings, windows were shown in the end pavilions on the flanks, the omission of these considerably strengthened the design.

Of the four groups of sculpture on the south front, the western pair, representing the prehistoric and classic periods respectively, are by Gilbert Bayes, while the eastern groups, executed by Richard Garbe, represent the mediaeval and modern periods. The two groups on the western facade, by Thomas J. Clapperton, representing Mining and Shipping, are remarkable for their extraordinarily high architectural quality.

The interior of the Museum, with its magnificently designed Entrance Hall, is remarkably impressive and dignified, the architectural note being as essentially right as that of the exterior. The internal treatment is simple and dignified, and so designed as not to compete with the exhibits. This result has been beautifully achieved by excellence of proportion and skilful detailing.

THE UNIVERSITY REGISTRY.

This building on the west side of King Edward VII Avenue to the north of the Law Courts was the first erected in the Cathays Park, and though small in scale in comparison with the later buildings is an excellent example of an academic building based on the maturer English Renaissance.

The Architects were Messrs Wills and Anderson.

THE GLAMORGAN COUNTY HALL.

Proceeding up King Edward VII Avenue to the north, the building beyond the University Registry is the Glamorgan County Hall, a worthy companion to the civic buildings of the Cardiff Corporation, though differing widely from them in conception. The main facade, treated with a fine portico of coupled Corinthian columns, flanked by pavilions designed with an ability which is particularly conspicuous in their lower portions, is worthy of comparison with any similarly classical composition ; while the back elevation, with its balcony supported on well designed stone brackets, its curved wing walls and delightful central feature is remarkable for its grace and charm. This elevation alone would put its designers, Messrs. Harris and Moodie, in the front rank of modern English Architects ; they risked much in departing from the obvious, but in so doing they have achieved sheer beauty.

The large sculptured groups in front of the main facade of the County Hall were designed by Mr Hodge.

THE TECHNICAL COLLEGE.

Beyond the County Hall is the Technical College of the City, which was opened by the Lord Mayor in 1916.

The Architects, Messrs. Ivor Jones and Percy Thomas, of Cardiff, who obtained first place in an open competition for this building, relied for effect on beauty of architectural form and proportion, rather than on ornament and sculpture, and its ably designed Neo-Grec facade, with a central portico of the Doric order, is very dignified.

The building is in the form of a hollow rectangle, the entrance front and the two sides being completed, while the back block is only finished in part.

Internally the main hall, which occupies a considerable portion of the interior of the rectangle, is a fine example of the excellent results which can be obtained inexpensively by a skilful designer.

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Facing the centre of the Park, on the east side, are the buildings of the University College, which were opened by the President, the Right Hon. The Earl of Plymouth, on October 14th, 1909, while the Viriamu Jones Laboratory was formally opened on June 26th, 1912, by His Majesty King George V. The buildings were designed by W. D. Caroë in his well-known manner—a version of the earlier English Renaissance—and when the full scheme has been completed it will form a symmetrical group round a great central court.

The Library, the gift of the Drapers' Company, is in the form of a great galleried hall, and is one of the principal rooms in the portion of the building at present completed. The remainder of this portion is used by the Faculty of Arts, and for Administrative purposes.

The work of the Faculty of Science is still carried on in the old University College, just beyond the Taff and Rhymney Railway Bridges, at the beginning of Newport Road, but the erection of a new Science Block forming part of the Cathays Park scheme has been begun.

STATUARY IN THE PARK.

On the green in front of the Law Courts is a statue of Judge Gwilym Williams, by Sir W. Goscombe John, R.A.

Between the Law Courts and the City Hall in the centre of the approach to King Edward VII Avenue is the Welsh National War Memorial by Alfred Toft, erected to the memory of the Welshmen who fell in South Africa in 1899-1902.

On the sides of the pedestal is a list of nearly 900 names, while the panels bear bronzes with the names of battles in which the Welsh Regiments took part and shields carrying the regimental badges.

Surmounting the pedestal are emblematic figures in bronze. Warfare and Courage are typified in the male figure, which is partly nude, seated and treated in classical style. His armour ready to put on, rests by his side. In his left hand he holds a scroll, in his right a sword.

The companion figure "Grief" is represented by a seated female figure clad in broadly treated drapery. The head is slightly bowed indicative of sorrow. Her right arm rests on a harp, her left on a shield, on the back of which is a leek, the emblem of Wales is introduced. In her left hand she holds a laurel wreath, proffered as a tribute to the fallen.

Surmounting the whole is the winged figure of "Peace" who has alighted on tip-toe on the globe. The drapery is thrown back as though fluttering in the breeze and it clings about the figure with an effect of transparency so that the form can be seen as through a thin soft material. The wings silhouette against the sky. The left arm is stretched out, the right hand carries a Rose Tree up-rooted, but bearing leaves and flowers, and a Dove nestles in the branches.

In the Gorsedd Gardens near Park Place, are two statues, one of Mr John Cory, D.L., J.P., of Duffryn, and the other of Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, M.P., both by Sir Goscombe John, R A. Not far from it is one of the finest examples of the work of this eminent sculptor (himself a native of Cardiff), the equestrian statue of Godfrey, First Viscount Tredegar.

The Alexandra Gardens facing the University College, contain a statue of Henry Austin Bruce, first Lord Aberdare, and are the selected site of the Welsh National War Memorial to those who fell in the Great War.

December, 1925.

THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR OF CARDIFF
(COUNCILLOR DR. R. J. SMITH)

INTRODUCTION

TO

CATALOGUE OF WELSH HISTORICAL SCULPTURE.

There is an interesting story behind the Welsh historical statuary which Lord Rhondda has presented to the City of Cardiff.

Eight vacant pedestals and two large empty niches in the handsome marble vestibule of the Cardiff City Hall are responsible for the scheme. In designing the interior of this fine building, which was opened on the 29th day of October, 1906, the Architects, Messrs. Lanchester and Rickards, of London, seemed to have definitely provided for some such project as is now completed. For at the head of the two imposing staircases which lead to the marble hall on the first floor there were four pedestals which lacked while they invited ornamentation. Behind them, intersecting the bronze railing bordering the staircase, were other pedestals also empty ; and overlooking the staircases on each side the vestibule there were two high vacant niches which clamoured for artistic embellishment.

That these pedestals and niches are at last occupied is due to the imagination and persistence of Mr J. L. Wheatley, who has been Town Clerk of Cardiff for the last thirty-seven years. Just as nature abhors a vacuum, so Mr Wheatley worried to see these vacant pedestals and niches in a hall which is almost unique in its marble splendour in municipal palaces. So he consulted Mr D. A. Thomas (now Lord Rhondda), and with characteristic munificence Lord Rhondda consented to give realization to Mr Wheatley's ambitious hope to see the pedestals and niches occupied by statuary.

Characteristically, too, no time was lost. It was agreed that the statuary should represent ten chief figures in Welsh history down to the beginning of the Victorian era. To select ten who would receive unanimous public acceptance was a difficult matter in a Celtic nation like Wales, yet it was done. Lord Rhondda threw the selection open to the whole of the Principality, and invited lists of names in a competition in which a substantial prize was offered to the competitor whose ten most nearly approached the list finally selected by three eminent Welshmen who were appointed as judges by reason of their fitness to decide in a matter of historic interest. The three were the late Sir Marchant Williams, stipendiary magistrate for Merthyr Tydfil ; Mr W. Llewelyn Williams, K.C., M.P., the Recorder of Cardiff ; and Professor T. Powel, of the South Wales and Monmouth-

shire University College. Later, a slight revision of the scheme was made, and room was found for an eleventh feature—a statue group of Boadicea the British Queen.

Needless to add, the Cardiff City Council signified their grateful acceptance of Lord Rhondda's gift when it was formally made. The Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, Secretary of State for War, consented to unveil the statues.

In developing his plans, Lord Rhondda had the assistance of a committee consisting of Mr W. Llewelyn Williams, K.C., M.P., Recorder of Cardiff, Lady Mackworth, Mr J. L. Wheatley, the Town Clerk, Sir Marchant Williams (since deceased), and Mr William Davies, J.P. (editor of the "Western Mail)." Mr Davies published in the "Western Mail" an ample series of biographical sketches of the ten original subjects of the statuary scheme, and it was mainly from those sketches that the selected artists derived their first conception of the work they were to undertake. The sketches, slightly abbreviated, appear in this publication.

In July, 1913, Lord Rhondda and the committee appointed Professor J. Havard Thomas as their Assessor. Mr Havard Thomas, acting with the committee, decided that no sculptor should execute more than one work, and that there should be frequent collocations of sketch models until committee and sculptors were satisfied that the characters to be represented were fully realized. By this means that unity of effect, so necessary in a collection of statuary in one Hall, has been sought for, and it is hoped fully achieved.

The final sketch models, to one third scale became the property of Lord Rhondda, and are at his Monmouthshire residence, Llanwern Park.

With respect to the pedestals, it should be mentioned that when it was decided that the finest statuary marble, Serravezza, should be employed in the sculptures, it was found necessary to replace the stone bases in the City Hall by marble pedestals, so designed that they should be in unison with the groups or statues they were to carry, and at the same time be in harmony with the marble hall. Lord Rhondda having obtained permission from the City Corporation to effect this alteration, commissioned Mr Havard Thomas to take the work in hand. The result of this are the pedestals on which the statues stand.

They consist of Pentelicon marble, enriched with Sienna marble panels.

Portrait by Reginald Haines] [*4, Southampton Row, London, W.C.*

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE D. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.

Secretary of State for War.

WELSH HISTORICAL STATUARY COMMITTEE.

W. LLEWELYN WILLIAMS, K.C., M.P., Recorder of Cardiff.

Lady MACKWORTH, Oaklands, Caerleon, Mon.

J. L. WHEATLEY, Town Clerk, Cardiff.

WILLIAM DAVIES, Editor of the Western Mail, Cardiff.

Lord RHONDDA'S Assessor : Professor J. HAVARD THOMAS.

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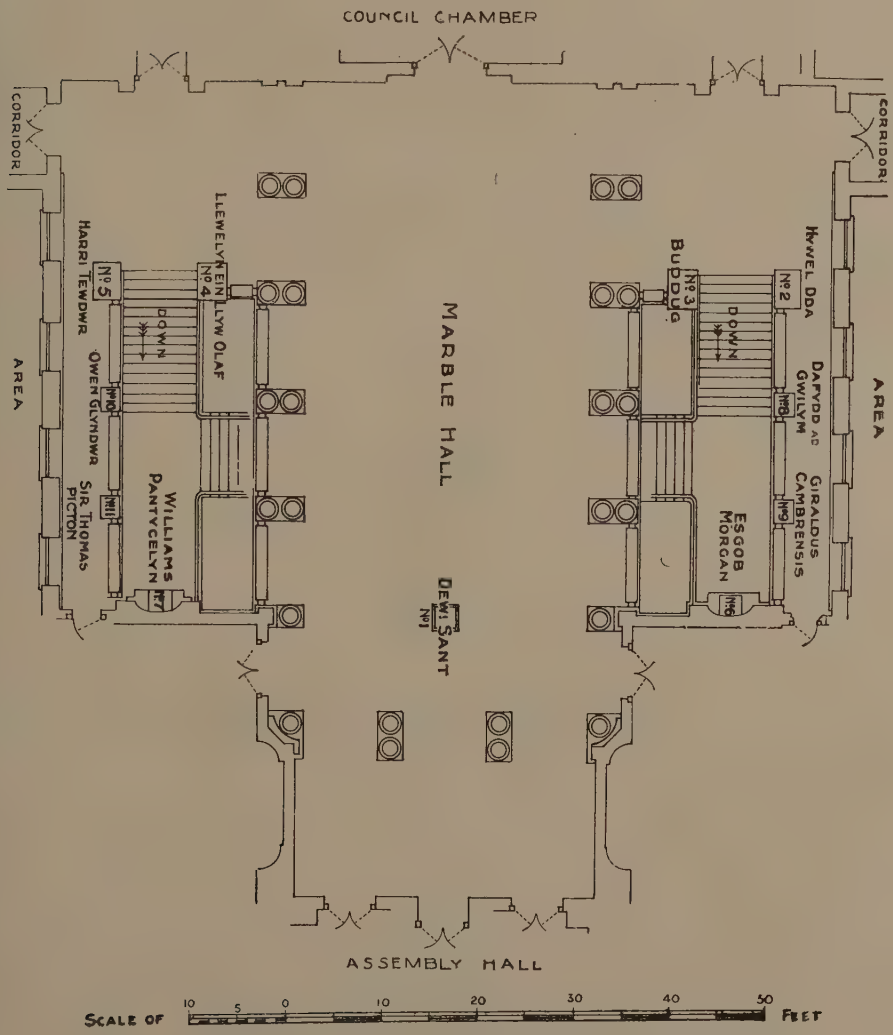
PLAN OF MARBLE HALL,

SHOWING POSITION OF EACH GROUP AND STATUE.



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No. 1.—DEWI SANT—ST. DAVID.
6th Century.
By Sir W. Goscombe John, R.A.

No. I.—DEWI SANT—ST. DAVID.

6TH CENTURY.

BY

SIR W. GOSCOMBE JOHN, R.A.

The Patron Saint of Wales is represented preaching to the multitude at the Synod of Brevi. He wears the chasuble and dalmatic, with the pallium worn by the dignitaries of the Church.

"An eloquent man, full of grace, approved in religion, who has an angel as a friend, a loveable man, graceful in countenance, distinguished in form, upright in stature."

DEWI SANT—SAINT DAVID.

6TH CENTURY.

Much has been written and said of our national saint, but little enough is known of him when all is said and done. Even his very name is taken in vain by those who toast him as "David," who, alive, was known as Dewi.

The oldest script we have of his name is that set down by Asser. Asser was a priest of Ty Ddewi, that is, of Dewi's own foundation in Glyn Rhosyn, which we know now as St. David's. His learning and his character stood so high that Alfred the Great, struggling to restore the national life of his harried country, persuaded him to accept the Bishopric of Sherborne and spend part of each year at Court with him. There Asser wrote the Life of Alfred, and in that "life" he writes the name of our national saint as Dewi, using the early spelling of "Degui," where the "gu" represents the sound of "w.". That was, roughly, about 890.

But when the Normans came to Dewi's country they brought a different breed of monks with them. The fame of Dewi as a saint was already great enough in England, probably as a result of Asser's work, to cause William I., the Conqueror of England, to make a "pilgrimage" to Ty Ddewi as soon as he could find a quiet interval for it. That visit may have given the monks of the place a new idea for presently Rhy-gyvarch, Bishop of the place, wrote the life of St. Dewi, which is the source of most of what little we know about the saint. We have only much later copies of the "life," and in those copies the saint is called "David, by the common people called Dewi."

The fact remains that "David," as a man's name, does not occur at all in Wales till after the Normans had settled here.

Dewi as a name was known in South-east as well as South-west Wales, and, doubtless, there are the doings of more than one Dewi harvested in the life of Dewi Sant. But the Dewi who has become the Patron Saint of Wales is the one we find in Peniarth M.S. 75—"Dewi Sant ap Keredic ap Kunedda Wledig," &c. Dewi, being the son of Ceredig, the conquering Brython from the north, the son of Cunedda Wledig (from whose descendants the Ceredigion, the modern county of Cardigan, is named), and of Nonn, the daughter of Cynyr, was born in stirring days. Born in the year 544, died in the year 601, that and a few details make up the story. Dewi was not born in the hall of his father, but on the grave of his mother's ancestor, in the midst of a great storm. In after years a church was built on the

spot, named from Nonn herself. That church is ruined and gone now, but the site is still known on the cliffs above the little bay of the western sea that bears her name, and we may still seek out and stand upon the spot where our saint was born. Of none other of the "Seven Champions of Christendom" can this be said.

Son of a pagan father, Dewi was son, too, of a Christian mother, and presently he was baptised by Bishop Aelwy, or Elwy, his mother's cousin, whose church was near Solva. It was in the spring which may still be seen at Porth Clais that Dewi was baptised. Any yearning mother may still have her child baptised in it, praying that he may be another Dewi. And then Elwy took the little son of the storm to foster him through the years of his infancy.

From Solva in due time the little lad was sent to be trained by Bishop Gweslan, his mother's brother, at Yr Henllwyn, the Old Bush, a sacred site above Porth Mawr, on the slope of Carn Llidi. "And Dewi grew up full of grace and lovely to be looked at. And he learned there the rudiments, the psalms, and the lessons of the whole year, and there his fellow disciples saw a dove with a golden beak playing about his lips, teaching him and singing the hymns of God."

From the remote shelter of Carn Llidi the young Dewi passed on to Ty Gwyn ar Daf, now Whitland, the western Llandav which had been founded by St. Teilo, who was cousin to Ceredig, and, therefore, uncle to Dewi. Head of that Ty Gwyn was Paulinus, famed for his saintliness, and the tale ran in after years, that when the eyes of Paulinus were inflamed by much study it was Dewi who drew the pain from them by the touch of his cool hands.

Come at last to manhood, Dewi went forth to begin his life for Christ. Returning to Henllwyn and to his uncle Gweslan he began by finding another site more fit for the greater monastery he had set in his soul to build. To Glyn Rhosyn where the little River Alun suddenly comes out upon a spread of marsh and meadow that was where young Dewi led his company. There he set up his cross and built his altar, and there is St. David's to-day.

It was evening when they reached the spot and lit their new home-fire. And, in the morning, when they piled their fire afresh, the smoke of it went up till it was seen by the chief of that valley, one Boia, whose stronghold stood on the cliff still called, from him, Clegyr Vwya. And he was a Druid, and a sudden dread took him because of the coming of these Christians, so that between anger and fear he forgot to eat until his wife, in fury, urged him to take his men and massacre every one of the interlopers. But when Boia and his men went down and found it was Dewi, a Prince of the land and cousin to Arthur, son of Beth, who by that time ruled there, the thing would not do. Of all that the implacable wife of Boia did to carry on her feud with Dewi, until the day when she cut the throat of her

daughter as a sacrifice to invoke the aid of her heathen gods against these Christians, and until the night when his enemy stole into Boia's stronghold and killed him and all his men, you may read in the Life of Dewi.

There, too, you may read of the rigid system of hard work and steadfast prayer and devotion which Dewi made for the rule of his settlement. With axe and plough they cleared and broke the wilderness. With their own hands they built their church and cells. They tended their own flocks and herds, made their own clothes, prepared their own food, and did everything necessary to the carrying on of a popular settlement. Moreover, they kept learning alive by copying as many books as they could obtain, and especially they multiplied copies of the Scriptures for use in the land.

The memory of him never perished through all the horrors and the bloodshed of the savage centuries. In generation after generation fresh colonies of monks from his foundation went out to establish branch settlements and churches in his name, wherever they saw the need for them, not in Wales only, but in Ireland, in Cornwall, and in Brittany. Men repeated ever and again the words in which the scribes of his own monastery had written of his death, when "Christ took the soul of Dewi, after hunger and thirst, and cold and labour, and fasting and charity, and affliction and trouble, and temptations and anxiety for the world, took him to where there is praise for the Champions of Christ." "Champion of Christ,"—that was Dewi Sant : champion of all the dreams of Christ against the lurid horrors of a ruthless paganism : that was why men held his name reverend, and why we still keep him in remembrance, even to this day.

Owen Rhoscomyl.

SIR W. GOSCOMBE JOHN, R.A.

Sir William Goscombe John, Kt., created 1911 ; R.A., 1909 ; A.R.A., 1899 ; Member Correspondent de l'Institute de France ; Hon. Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects ; Sculptor ; born Cardiff, 1860 ; Studied in Cardiff School of Art ; City and Guilds of London School of Art, Kennington ; Royal Academy Schools ; Royal Academy Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship, 1889 ; studied in Paris, 1890-91 ; mention honorable, Paris Salon, 1892 ; Gold Medal, Paris Salon, 1901.

PRINCIPAL WORKS : Statues of King Edward VII., at Cape Town ; Prince Christian Victor, at Windsor ; 7th Duke of Devonshire, at Eastbourne ; Viscount Tredegar (equestrian), at Cardiff ; Maharaja of Balrampur, at Lucknow ; W. E. H. Lecky, M.P., at Trinity College, Dublin ; Colonel Saunderson, M.P., at Portadown ; T. E. Ellis, M.P., at Bala ; Sir James Ferguson, at Ayr ; Hon. C. Rolls, at Monmouth ; Thomas Sutton, Founder of Charterhouse, at Charterhouse, Godalming ; Earl of Minto, K.G., equestrian monument at Calcutta. Memorials to : Marquess of Salisbury in Westminster Abbey and Hatfield Church ; Marquess of Winchester, at Amport St. Mary Church ; Bishop Lewis and Dean Vaughan in Llandaff Cathedral ; Lady Lever, Christ Church, Port Sunlight ; Rt. Hon. Alfred Lyttleton, M.P., in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster ; William James, C.V.O., West Dean Church, Sussex ; Sir Arthur Sullivan, in St. Paul's Cathedral (and also in the Embankment Gardens) ; Coldstream Guards, and War Correspondents, in St. Paul's Cathedral ; King's Regiment, at Liverpool ; 2nd Batt. Royal Sussex Regiment at Eastbourne. Monument to the Engine Room Heroes at Liverpool ; Cape Town Volunteers, at Cape Town. In the Tate Gallery, " A Boy at Play"; Glasgow Art Gallery, "The Elf"; Cardiff Art Gallery, "Morpheus" and "St. John the Baptist"; also works in Liverpool Art Gallery ; Manchester Art Gallery ; Preston Art Gallery ; Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, etc. Various portrait busts, medals and seals, also decorative works in gold and silver, e.g., the Regalia for the Investiture of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and the Gorsedd Hirlas Horn.

No. 2.—HYWEL DDA—HOWELL THE GOOD.
Died 950.
By F. W. Pomeroy, A.R.A.

No. 2.—HYWEL DDA—HOWEL THE GOOD.

DIED 950.

BY

F. W. POMEROY, A.R.A.

The King, Hywel Dda, was not a legislator in the sense that Edward I. or Henry VIII. was a legislator. It was his task, during a long and peaceful reign of forty years, to gather together the wise men of Wales in order that he might ascertain what were the unwritten laws and customs of his country. When these were ascertained, they were codified by Blegwryd and his colleagues and ultimately promulgated by the King.

The Sculptor has portrayed the King as a mild and benevolent ruler in the act of ratifying or confirming the laws, codified by Blegwryd the scribe, who is kneeling at the King's feet, not in a servile attitude but as one conscious of the dignity of learning and the great role he has been called upon to perform.

HYWEL DDA—HOWEL THE GOOD.

DIED 950.

In the dining-hall of Lincoln's Inn, above the dais, is a fine fresco by the late G. F. Watts depicting all the chief law-givers of the world. Moses and Manu, Solon and Lycurgus, Gaius and Justinian, King Alfred and Howel the Good, with many more, are given a place in this noble work of art. No portraits were available to guide the artist except in a few cases, so that his own imagination and artistic sense had to decide whether to endow a particular law-giver with a look of sternness or of benevolence, with the mien of the philosopher or of the practical man of affairs. Such is our own position as to Howel Dda. Of Howel we have no such pen-picture as the biographer of Gruffydd ab Cynan has left us of that prince. No illuminated manuscript of Howel's Laws has (as might well have been the case) as much as a sketch of his lineaments, no seal of his attached to any charter bears his image, and although he issued a coinage of his own, being in fact, the only Welsh Prince that ever did so, he is not figured on the few specimens that are still extant. In the whole course of Welsh history no one did more for Wales of whose personal history we know so little, while of his personal appearance we have not a single direct statement.

Born in the last quarter of the ninth century, probably in Ystrad Tywi, perhaps indeed, at Dinevor, Howel was grandson of Rhodri the Great, himself descended from Llywarch Hen, the warrior-poet of the sixth century. He was thus a scion of that kingly stock from which sprang the Royal line of Gwynedd down to its last Prince Llewelyn, as well as that of Deheubarth to the Lord Rhys. Rhodri was "great" both as soldier and statesman, and though the epithet "Good," as applied to Howel, suggests a peaceful rather than a warlike disposition, there is every reason to believe that he inherited in full measure the soldierlike qualities of the great Rhodri. Negatively, we are safe in saying that, as a member of the kingly caste, he was not of the Iberian or Silurian type, dark and short of stature, such as St. David probably was, but that he was a typical Celt, tall, handsome, and light-complexioned, powerful of limb, with wide forehead, grey or blue eyes and ample locks also of a light colour.

Rhodri had laid the foundations for a federal Wales by bringing every province of it to acknowledge his supremacy and by substituting the rule of one family—namely, his own—for that of the half-dozen reigning families that previously exercised sovereignty. His grandson Howel, conceived the still nobler ideal of

the unification of Wales not merely under one family, or even one King, but unde one law, valid for the whole of Wales.

It was but by degrees that Howel attained that commanding position. He was at first Prince of but a small province, whether Ceredigion or Ystrad Tywi we do not know for certain, more probably the latter. The two districts combined had constituted his father's kingdom of Seissyllwg, but, according to Welsh practice, had been divided between Howel and a younger brother. But through the death of the latter the two areas were again re-united under Howel, who also acquired Dyfed by marriage, and thus for the first time the whole of West Wales, from the Dovey to the Tawe—from Machynlleth to Swansea—was consolidated into one kingdom, that of Deheubarth, corresponding pretty closely to the historic Diocese of St. David's. From this time on, Howel's pre-eminence as the foremost of the Welsh Princes seems to have been universally recognised. His signature as an attesting witness to many charters of the English King Ahelstan precedes that of any other Welsh Prince, and generally follows that of the King himself and the two archbishops. King Alfred (during whose reign Howel was probably born) seems to have been his model and exemplar throughout life. Alfred's noble character would be well-known to him, partly owing to the fact that the English King had selected Asser, a Welshman from St. David's as his own confidential adviser. Alfred's youthful pilgrimages to Rome probably influenced Howel to make a little pilgrimage in the year 928, while still in the prime of life. No other Welsh Prince ever made such a pilgrimage except in the declining years of his life and as a supreme act of penitence.

In 942 the death of his cousin Idwal, King of Gwynedd, gave him an opportunity for re-uniting all Wales under one rule. We know neither the circumstances nor the justification for his intervention, but simply the fact that from this time on Howel was "by the Grace of God King of all Wales." Gwent and Morgannwg, it is true, retained their independence, but their chieftains and scholars, recognising Howel's moral right to the leadership of all Wales, gladly accepted his invitation to the great legislative assembly which he summoned to meet at the White House on the Taf.

That historic gathering at Whitland, in Carmarthenshire, has often been described. Six men from each cantref throughout Wales journeyed to it. It was a Parliament of the whole nation, and no other instance of the kind is found in our whole history except in the time of Owen Glyndwr. Legislation in our modern sense was not what was aimed at. It was rather the ascertainment and codification of the ancient customs of the race, harmonising the discordant practices of different districts, and here and there supplementing these customs where new conditions rendered this necessary. How large a part Howel himself took in this laborious task we do not know, but his was the master mind that conceived the whole plan, it

was his dignity and courtesy, his large experience and his wide observation, his wise guidance and his conciliatory spirit that secured the final agreement of the representatives on points where quarrel and disputation were so easy. When he died, in or about the year 950, Wales was once more split up into provinces, his united kingdom ceased to be, but his work as legislator remained as an influence working for national unity and for an ordered, settled life, protected by the strong arm of a common law recognised by all Welshmen. It was the cyf-raith—the expression of the General Will—of all Cymru.

Though we know so little of Howel's work in other directions, the prominent place accorded to the scholars who attended his council show him as a patron of learning, his coinage tells of his efforts to foster trade carried on by means other than barter, while his laws bear abundant testimony to his encouragement of the arts of peace generally. But, above all, Howel stands alone as the only historical law-giver that Wales has ever had. To him alone in the long line of Welsh Princes has posterity given the name of "Good."

D. Lleufer Thomas.

(Stipendiary Magistrate of Pontypridd).

F. W. POMEROY, A.R.A.

F. W. Pomeroy, A.R.A., 1906 ; Sculptor, commenced study at Lambeth School of Art ; entered R.A. Schools, 1881 ; Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship for Sculpture, 1885 ; Medallist at Chicago Exhibition and International Exhibition, Paris, 1900 ; has made many public monuments in Great Britain and the Colonies, notably Robert Burns' centenary statue for Paisley, N.B., and for Sydney, N.S. Wales ; W. E. Gladstone, for Houses of Parliament ; Duke of Westminster for Chester Cathedral ; Archbishop Temple for Canterbury Cathedral ; Dean Hole for Rochester Cathedral ; Bishop Ridding for Southwell ; Dr. Guthrie for Princes Street, Edinburgh ; monument to Lord Dufferin, Belfast ; Lord Curzon Monument, Calcutta. He also decorated many important public edifices.

No. 3.—BUDDUG—BOADICEA.
Died A.D. 61.
By Professor J. Havard Thomas.

No. 3.—BUDDUG—BOADICEA.

DIED A.D. 61.

BY

PROFESSOR J. HAVARD THOMAS.

Boadicea appealing to the Britons to avenge the wrongs done her country and her home.

BUDDUG—BOADICEA.

DIED A.D. 61.

Boadicea, or "Boudicca," as she is styled by Tacitus, the heroic widow-queen of a branch of our Cymric ancestry in the days of Nero, has a deal of legend interwoven into her authentic history. She was the wife of Prastagus, King of the Eceni, a branch of the Ancient Britons who occupied the district which now forms the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. Prastagus, a man of great wealth, died about the year 60, bequeathing his property to the Roman Emperor, Nero, jointly with his daughters, hoping by this means to secure his Kingdom and family from molestation. These precautions had, however, a contrary effect. The will was made by the Roman officials a pretext for regarding the whole property as spoils of war.

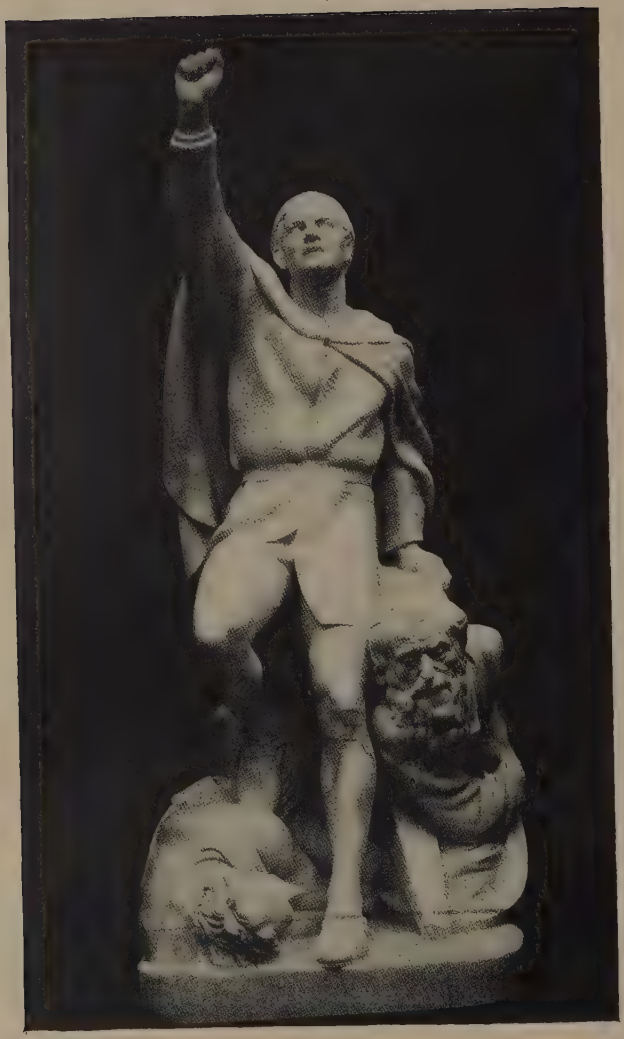
Boadicea, the widow queen, was flogged, her two daughters were outraged, and other members of her family were treated as slaves, or deprived of their ancestral property. Roused to desperation by such treatment, the Eceni, under the leadership of their Queen, headed a revolt, in which they were joined by the Trinobantes, a people occupying what are now the counties of Essex and Middlesex, in whose midst was the Roman colony of Camulodunum (Colchester). Taking advantage of the absence of Suetonius Paulinus, the Roman Governor, in the island of Mona (Anglesey), the Eceni and their allies broke into open revolt. Camulodunum was taken and destroyed, and the temple of Claudius, which was considered to be in a peculiar degree a monument of the British humiliation, was stormed, and after a siege of two days so completely demolished that its site is undiscoverable at the present day. The devastation quickly spread far and wide. Londinium and Verulamium soon shared the fate of Camulodunum. The Romans were killed in great numbers, seventy thousand (according to Tacitus) having been put to death none being spared to be kept or sold as slaves.

But Boadicea's triumph was of short duration. Suetonius succeeded in gaining a position in a narrow valley where it was impossible for Britons to employ their tactics of outflanking. Tacitus gives a picturesque account of the preparation for battle on both sides. Boadicea, accompanied by her daughters, drove in her chariot through the lines of her army, reminding them of the wrongs which they had endured at the hands of the Romans, and of the mortal insults to which she and her daughters had been subjected, and inciting them to revenge. The battle was quickly decided. Eighty thousand Britons were killed, while Boadicea, in despair at the crushing nature of her defeat, destroyed her life by poison.

E. ELLISS HUGHES.

PROFESSOR J. HAVARD THOMAS.

Professor J. Havard Thomas, Hon. M.A. Bristol University ; born in Bristol; Welsh descent on both sides ; educated at Bristol School of Art ; National Scholar of School of Art, South Kensington, and later studied at Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, under Mons Cavelier ; elected member of Royal Society of British Sculptors, from which he resigned in 1914 ; elected to newly-created Chair of Sculpture in University of London (Slade School), 1914. He lived for seventeen years in South Italy, and it was during his sojourn there that his theories of Sculpture were developed and he gradually evolved a process by which he could realize them ; from this process he has never departed. His work, and its relation to the sculpture to-day is discussed in the article "Modern Sculpture" in the last edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Besides public and other works he is represented in the Tate Gallery, the City Art Gallery, Manchester, the Cartwright Gallery, Bradford, and in the National Galleries of Melbourne and Johannesburg.



No. 4.—LLEWELYN EIN LLYW OLAF.
Llewelyn The Last Prince.
Died 1282.
By Henry Pegram, A.R.A.

No. 4.—LLEWELYN EIN LLYW OLAF—

LLEWELYN THE LAST PRINCE.

DIED 1282.

BY

HENRY PEGRAM, A.R.A.

Llewelyn, the last independent Prince of Wales, is represented standing, but leaning on the trunk of a tree. His head looks upward and his right hand is raised to Heaven in defiance. On the ground at his right side lies a dead Welsh soldier, and crouching on the ground at his left is his bard—holding in his lap a harp.

LLEWELYN EIN LLYW OLAF—

LLEWELYN THE LAST PRINCE.

DIED 1282.

The bald facts of the life and death of Llewelyn Olaf make it inevitable that his name and memory must for ever haunt the minds of every lover of high and tragic romance as well as of every one boasting the least drop of Cymric blood. Grandson of Llewelyn the Great, the influence of that grandfather brought only tragedy into the life of Llewelyn Olaf until the fateful day in March, 1246, when the warrior clans of Gwynedd chose him and his brother Owen to be their champions against the threatened yoke of Henry III.

Llewelyn the Great, choosing between his two sons—between Gruffydd, born of a Cymric mother, and Davydd, born of the daughter of King John—chose Davydd, cousin as he was to Henry III, and, therefore, more likely to thrive with that King, to the benefit of Wales. But when Davydd died, two years to the month after Gruffydd's death—dead in endeavouring to escape from the Tower of London—the men of Gwynedd turned to the sons of Gruffydd and chose the two eldest of them, Owen and Llewelyn, to be their Princes and champions against Henry.

Henry's army leaders were ready, however, and his forces marched the length of Wales, driving the two young Princes to retreat to the fastnesses of Snowdon, and in the end they were forced to do homage to Henry and to agree to the Convention of Woodstock, which left them nothing but Gwynedd, west of Conway. That was in 1247, when the fortunes of Wales had never been so low.

But for seven years the men of Gwynedd gathered strength again, and then the best chiefs of them made their second choice between Llewelyn and his brother. They chose Llewelyn. The discarded Owen, backed by the younger brother Davydd, gathered forces to dispute the choice, but (at Bryn Derwen) Llewelyn defeated them, captured Owen, and forced Davydd to fly to England.

The very next year Henry III. bestowed all the rest of the old Principality of Wales upon his son Edward. As Edward was still but a youth, his deputies proceeded to survey the territories bestowed upon him, and to harry the people

mercilessly with every form of oppression they could use. This was the day for which Llewelyn was born. To him the outraged people turned with their tales of wrong and cruelty. Against the sword he drew the sword, and in six days he swept North Wales free of the oppressors save for two castles. Then turning south, he cleared Ceredigion and Cantrev Buallt, restoring them to their rightful Princes. Cyveiliog and Gwrtheyrnion were cleared of his enemies, and though Henry marched with a great army to Deganwy he had to sign a truce for a year, which left Llewelyn master of what he had won.

With that Llewelyn entered the stage of the international history of Britain. The Scottish nobles made alliance with him against Henry, while the barons of England, preparing for their second great struggle for freedom, turned to him for help. His victories had proved his worth in war, while his chivalrous character and his just policy as a ruler had brought nearly all the barons of Wales to take the oath of fealty to him.

Just as Llewelyn the Great had backed the barons in the day that won Magna Carta from John, so now Llewelyn Olaf backed de Montfort and the barons in the struggle against John's son. He opened the war for them by a campaign against their strongest enemy, Roger Mortimer, driving him out of Malienydd and Brycheiniog, and then baffling Edward and the army that came to avenge Mortimer. It was out of his alliance with de Montfort and the barons that Llewelyn's great sorrow was to come, for de Montfort had a daughter, Elinor, who took fast hold of his heart.

Meanwhile Wales profited by the war. The barons of England forced the King to sign a convention recognising the right of Llewelyn to the Principality of Wales and to receive the homage of all the Welsh barons, thus repealing the rapacious Convention of Woodstock, which had cooped up Llewelyn west of the Conway.

Even when the barons' cause was lost in the disaster at Evesham, Llewelyn was in no way daunted. He kept up the war till, by the Treaty of Montgomery, he stood as free and as high as ever Llewelyn the Great had done.

Two things combined to bring Llewelyn down. One was his loyalty to defeated comrades, the other was loyalty to his love. De Montfort was dead and the best of the barons had made their peace with the King, yet the sons of de Montfort still claimed comradeship of Llewelyn, though they soon showed themselves unworthy of their great father. So evil a name did they bring upon themselves in their defeat in France that their mother took refuge in a convent there, taking her daughter Elinor with her. Stricken to death by her misfortunes, friendless and helpless, in her agony for her defenceless daughter she made arrangements to send the maiden to the only refuge left to the defeated. She sent her to Llewelyn.

By that time Henry was dead, and Edward was King in his stead. On the voyage to Wales, Elinor was captured by Bristol ships and delivered to Edward. This led to war.

Intrigues had detached some of the most powerful chiefs of Wales from Llewelyn. When the storm fell, three great armies invading Wales at once, one from Chester, one from Shrewsbury, and one in the South, with a fourth force invading Brycheiniog, while a fleet cut off Anglesey, Llewelyn soon found himself left with only the men of Gwynedd to bear the brunt of it. His skill and courage could keep him in the field, but winter starved him and his forces into submission. The treaty that followed reduced him to the position with which he began. He was no more than Baron of West of the Conway, and even that to go to Edward should he die without heirs.

There is more than a suspicion that Llewelyn would not have made so complete a surrender had it not been for his love for Elinor, captive in the hands of Edward, who used her as a bait. Llewelyn bought her dearly and paid in bitter sorrow. Within two years she died, and Llewelyn stood, a man of fifty-two, desolate, stripped of everything but bare life and just estate enough to mock him with remembrance of the high days of his prime.

But Edward was still the old Edward, and his conduct brought Llewelyn's chance again. Instead of keeping the treaty whereby he had sworn that the Welsh should keep their own laws and customs, he proceeded, through his officials, to repeat the oppressions of his youth. And just as the despairing people had turned to Llewelyn before, so they turned to him again, with the same passionate pleading.

Read, in Morris' "Welsh Wars of Edward the First," the stolid details of all the organisation by which Edward drew together the great armies by which he hoped to wipe out "the dread Llewelyn." Read there, too, the uninspired details which stonily prove Llewelyn's greatness, in the three victories which annihilated two of Edward's armies, in Ystrad Towy in the South and at Moel y Don in the North, and then, with details from other sources, re-construct the moment when, Edward having hastily retreated, Llewelyn rode southward along the Wye to raise the men of Builth and Radnor and carry the war into the enemies' country.

Much has been made of "the defeat of the Welsh at Builth." Two things prove that there was no Welsh army with Llewelyn at Builth. One is the letter of Roger L'Estrange, dated from Montgomery Castle six days before the final treachery, in which L'Estrange,writing to Edward, shows that "Llewelyn had gone south with only a bodyguard, on a plan which he (L'Estrange) will soon put a stop to, with only a couple of score of men." The other thing is that when Llewelyn returned from Aberedw, and left his eighteen to hold the bridge at Pont yr Ewyn while he slept at the Grange of Cevn y Bedd, there was no one with him who knew

of the existence of the ford by which Helias Walwyn led the force that crossed and beset the bridge in the rear, though that ford is within a short bow-shot of the bridge and in plain view.

In that tale of a Welsh defeat at Builth the last word must lie with the veteran soldier, for the principles of war do not change. Granted such records as remain of that fatal day by the dark Ivon, and granted the configuration of the scene, there is only one re-construction of the day possible. The great victor of the war, Llewelyn, had come south with only his bodyguard, trusting to false offers of co-operation and alliance deliberately sent to him by his betrayers, the men he had so much reason to trust, so far as men may trust each other in war. Read the details elsewhere. They will but knit your hearts the closer to Llewelyn, and set you farther from his enemies, no matter what your race.

OWEN RHOSCOMYL.

HENRY PEGRAM, A.R.A.

Henry Pegram, A.R.A., 1904 ; entered R.A. Schools 1881, left 1887. Principal ideal works : "Death and the Prisoner," medal in Paris exhibition, 1889 ; "Ignis Fatuus," bought for Chantrey Bequest, 1889 ; sculpture on entrance to Imperial Institue, 1891-2 ; "The Last Song," gold medal, Dresden, 1897 ; Labour silver medal, Paris Exhibition, 1900 ; "The Bather," 1894 ; great candelabra in St. Paul's Cathedral, 1897 ; monument to Mrs Michaelis, 1900 ; "A Sea Idyll," 1902 ; "Sibylla Fatidica," bought for Chantrey Bequest, 1904 ; "Into the Silent Land," 1905 ; "By the waters of Babylon," 1906 ; "Nereus and Galatea," 1911 ; "Chance," 1913 ; "Ophelia and the River-Gods," 1914 ; sculpture for Oriel College ; public statues of Sir Thomas Brown at Norwich, Sir John Campbell at Auckland, Cecil Rhodes at Cape Town, and Sir Robert Hart at Shanghai ; many posthumous busts and architectural reliefs.

No. 5.—HARRI TEWDWR—HENRY VII.
1457-1509.
By Ernest G. Gillick.

No. 5.—
HARRI TEWDWR—HENRY VII.

1457-1509.

BY

ERNEST G. GILLICK.

After the battle was over and the Victory entirely gained, the new-crowned King rode up to an eminence, and from thence gave his soldiers thanks and a blessing to their Arms who warred for the good of their country. Then Rhys-ap-Thomas, a man of courage and experience, who had served right manfully his lord, was commanded to kneel, whereupon Henry, bearing the standard of the fiery dragon, came nigh him, and turning to the assembled multitude said, "This is my Well-beloved."

HARRI TEWDWR—HENRY VII.

1457-1509.

In English history you will read that Bosworth Field was the last battle of the Wars of the Roses. In Shakespeare you will read it mostly as a battle by Richard III. against the Earl of Richmond and other gathered enemies. Not till you go to Welsh sources do you get the evidence which shows this, "the second most important battle of English history," in ts true light and as the last and abiding victory of Wales against the forces which for centuries has been against her."

Two of Glyndwr's most active leaders were William ap Tudor and his brother, Dark Rhys of the clan of Penmynydd, in Mon. They had another brother, Meredydd, out with them in that war. Son to Meredydd was the famous Owen Tudor, who, from being a member of the household of Henry of Monmouth—Henry V., of Agincourt fame—married the widow of Henry, in circumstances more romantic than have yet been printed, and had by her three sons. The eldest, David, became a Monk. The second, Edmund, was made Earl of Richmond. The third, Jasper, was made Earl of Pembroke.

Edmund married Margaret Beaufort, heiress of John of Gaunt. Their son was Henry Tudor, born in Pembroke Castle in 1457. But his father had been dead two months before he was born, while his mother was only in her fourteenth year, so he fell to the care of his Uncle Jasper. Few men in history have carried out their charge so faithfully as did Jasper of Pembroke.

Henry was born into danger, for he was born into the thick of the Wars of the Roses. He was in danger from the Yorkists because his mother was heiress of John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster"—though her descent was illegitimate. He was in still greater danger because his grandfather, Owen Tudor, having married the widow of Henry V., was a stubborn Lancastrian to the day of his beheading. He was in greatest danger of all because his uncle Jasper, being half-brother of the weak Henry VI., was one of the most steadfast and powerful champions of that King's cause.

The battle of Mortimer's Cross was as disastrous to the fortunes of the young Henry Tudor as to those of his uncle Henry VI. In that field his uncle Jasper, with a scanty force drawn from his own Earldom of Pembroke, was met and overwhelmed by Edward, Duke of York, leading not only his own men from the old Mortimer lands in Wales, but also nearly every clan in South Wales from Chepstow to the Towy. Jasper was forced out of the field, but nothing could induce his

father, old Owen Tudor, to fly. When all the rest were gone he still fought on, till at last he was pulled down and made prisoner, to be beheaded next day in circumstances as grimly romantic as any we have record of in history. After such a defeat, with the victors so close to Pembroke Castle, that fortress was no longer safe for young Henry, and it is written that he was sent for safety to grey old Harlech. At the fall of Harlech, if not earlier, Henry became the prisoner of the chief of the Herberts, who had been made Earl of Pembroke in place of Jasper Tudor. For awhile he was fostered at Raglan, till the day of disaster came to the Herberts in the fatal field of Banbury. At the fall of his strongest help King Edward had to fly, and Jasper Tudor took his nephew into his own care again in Pembroke Castle.

Then fortune changed again, and Pembroke Castle was beset by the strongest clan in Ystrad Tywi. The siege was raised by a brother of the besieger, who set both Jasper and Henry aboard a ship at Tenby bound for Brittany. It was many a weary year before Henry saw Wales again. When Richard of Gloucester buried his dagger at Tewkesbury in the body of young Edward Plantagent, Prince of Wales, he made easy the claim of the next Lancastrian heir, Harry Tudor, to the support of united Wales.

When Richard III. mounted the throne in such fashion that many of the best Yorkists fled overseas for fear of him, then Henry's danger grew again even in Brittany. Richard tried to bribe the ruler of Brittany to deliver Henry to him as a prisoner. He only escaped by flight at last.

But these attempts of Richard's stirred Henry to desperation at length. He listened to the English exiles, and fell in with their plans. To put an end to the wars of York and Lancaster, he agreed to marry Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., if once he should be King. Then, with the exiles he plotted amongst the nobles and leaders still in England, who were to rise at home while he brought an army from France to help them. But that rising failed, and another after it, and Henry's fate seemed sealed for ever, to live and die an exile in misery and penury.

Yet it was these very disasters which were the making of his fortune. Had he come to the Throne of England solely by the will of the English and the help of the English, he must have remained the puppet or the victim of their factions. But when at last the English had done their do and failed, when they were finished with him, his Welsh tenacity turned his mind to his own people, and laid his plans with them. He remembered the bards, for ever proclaiming anew the old prophecies that a Cymro should come from over the sea, an outlaw, a "Llawgoch," and wear the Crown of Britain. By stealth he came to Wales to stir up his countrymen to rise for the old dream of deliverance—and he succeeded. In two places we get track of him in this wandering. In Mostyn Hall the window is still shown through

which he escaped to the mountains while the troops of Richard were hammering at the door to take him. At Corsygedol, in Ardudwy, the same chance favoured him, and he set sail for Brittany again from Barmouth, all his plans laid and his friends ready.

It was in August of 1485 that Henry came back openly and landed in Milford Haven, by the waters of which he was born, to seek safety or death in battle for the Crown. With him came two thousand jail-birds and wastrels from France as an army—though they never saw the battle he came to fight. Besides them he had the exiles with him, some two hundred or so of men of mark. Most of all, he brought his uncle Jasper to raise the men of Pembroke for him.

Henry raised the national standard of Wales, the Red Dragon, blazoning it upon his own colours of green and white. From the moment of his landing his countrymen flocked to him, but it was the coming of Dark Rhys ap Thomas of Ystrad Tywi which made his chances sure. All Wales gathered to Henry as he marched north and east, or to Dark Rhys as he marched east and north by Brecon and Crickhowel and so to Cevn Digoll.

So Henry came to the Field of Bosworth on a Saturday evening, August 20. It was a strange sight. Across a marsh in front of him Henry could see the army of Richard III., the fiercest fighter that ever wore the Crown of Britain. To his left, on Hanging Hill, he could see the camp of Sir William Stanley, Chamberlain of Gwynedd, and lord of several famous Welsh Lordships marcher. Sir William was there as leader of three thousand of the best men of North Wales. East of Sir William, about three miles away, was his brother Lord Stanley, leading the men of Lancashire and Cheshire. Lord Stanley had married Henry's mother, but he was a political Vicar of Bray, and no man could rely on him. All the Sunday the four hosts lay within sight of each other, but on the Monday morning Henry could get no promise from either of the Stanleys, and had to begin the battle alone, relying solely on the men he had brought from Wales and the exiles that he had placed in his van. After Henry had held Richard's host till the day was doubtful, the North Welsh, under Sir William Stanley, came in and sealed the victory which fulfilled the old prophecy that a Cymro should be King of England. And when the victory was won, and the inglorious Lord Stanley (who had struck no stroke that day) had placed the crown on Henry's head, crowning him King of England on the field that made him so, Henry did not forget that he had won that crown by the sword of Wales and not of England. He could not claim as heir to Lancaster—even had his descent been legitimate—for his mother was still alive and powerful. He refused to marry the heiress of York till he had been crowned again in state and had met his first Parliament. He was King of England by the title of the sword alone, as may be seen from his first Act of Parliament, and that is the title by which

all subsequent Kings and Queens have worn that crown—the title of Henry Tudor, won at Bosworth Field.

That is why Henry VII. is one of the ten great figures of Welsh history, because he ended the long strife between Wales and England by a victory which was never reversed, a victory which left Wales with nothing more to fight for against England, since she had crowned her own blood King of England and could not war with the result of her own victory.

It is but meet that the sculptor should associate with the founder of the Welsh dynasty, from whom his gracious Majesty is proud to claim descent, and from whom he derives his title, the knightly figure of Rhys ap Thomas of Dinevor, Knight of the Garter, the "Father Rhys" of bluff King Hal, without whose sword the Tudor would never have ascended or kept the throne of England.

OWEN RHOSYCOMYL.

ERNEST G. GILLICK.

Ernest G Gillick, after winning two gold medals at Nottingham, obtained a Scholarship at the Royal College of Art. For three years he worked here under Professor Lanterni, and gained a travelling scholarship to Italy in 1902. While in London he has lived and worked in Chelsea.

Mr Gillick's best known work includes memorials to James Adam at Emmanuel College, Cambridge ; Sir Francis Powell, at Wigan ; and "Ouida," at Bury St. Edmunds ; also reliefs at Cambridge, Nottingham, Newcastle, and at the Merchant Taylor's School, London. In India, at Bikaner, is his statue of the Maharajah of Bikaner. Mr Gillick's work as a medallist includes the Polar Medal, the Tibet Medal, and the Naval Reserve Medal for the Royal Mint ; and also the Mayoralty Seal for the City of London.

No. 6.—ESGOB MORGAN—BISHOP MORGAN.
Died 1604.
By T. J. CLAPPERTON.

No. 6.—ESGOB MORGAN—

BISHOP MORGAN.

DIED 1604.

BY

T. J. CLAPPERTON.

The Bishop is represented as in the privacy of his study, engrossed in his translation of the Welsh Bible. He is garbed in the cassock, the rochette or surplice, and the chimere, but without the scarf or stole. His head is covered only with a skull cap, and his feet encased in thin shoes. All this is intended to convey the impression that he is at work indoors. He supports a volume of the Greek Bible against his side with the left hand, and his manuscript scroll lies across the open pages. The quill pen in the right hand, and the inkhorn, hung by a cord from the neck, completes his equipment.

ESGOB MORGAN—BISHOP MORGAN.

DIED 1604.

"William Morgan, D.D., born at Dolwyddelan, in the comot of Nant Conwy, and county of Caernarvon, descended of the race of the bondmen of that town, servants (both he and his ancestors) of the house of Gwydyr, where he was brought up in learning. His first preferment was with himself, and by my means ; he was first made Bishop of Llandaff, and afterwards translated to St. Asaph, where he died after he had sat there some two or three years. He translated the Old Testament into the Welsh tongue before he was bishop, and while he was vicar of Llanrhaiadr yn Mochnant, in the county of Denbigh, whence he had the benefit and help of Bishop Davis and William Salesbury's works, who had done a great part thereof ; yet he carried the name of all. He repaired and slated the chancel of the cathedral church of St. Asaph which was a great ruin. He died a poor man. He was a good scholar, both a grecian and hebrician."

This is Bishop Morgan's biography by his vindictive enemy, the unscrupulous Sir John Wynn of Gwydir.

This brief memoir gives an accurate account of Bishop Morgan's career in outline, and gives him credit for repairing the edifice at St. Asaph and for dying a poor man. It pays tribute to his scholarship too, no doubt on hearsay.

But the memoir is spiteful, too. Morgan had mightily offended the great Sir John by standing firm against a shady financial transaction proposed by the baronet. The incident throws light on the tone of the memoir and on Morgan's character. Morgan in a letter to a Mr Martyn states accurately what Sir John's demands were. "Hys requeste was that I wold confyrme a lease of three lives upon the Rectorye of Llanrwst . . . at the yearelye rent of 50l., the thynge being worth 140l., and beinge of my patronadge." Sir John had, no doubt, an eye to business when he backed Morgan's promotion, but the parson was not as pliable as a bondsman should have been. Morgan's retort to Sir John in a caustic letter shows the stuff he was made of : "And one thynge moveth me agaynst all these, viz., my conscience, which assureth me that your request ys such that in graunting yt I shold prove my selfe an unhonest, unconscionable, and irreligiouse man : ye a sacrilegiouse robber of my church, a perfydiouse spoyler of my diocese, and an unnaturall hyndrer of preachers and good scholers—the consideration whereof wold be a contynual terror and torment to my conscience."

Sir John mistook his man. Morgan had had trouble before that with his parishioners in Llanrhaiadr ; they brought his case before the bishop, but he came out of the ordeal scathless. What the trouble was we do not exactly know, but expect to find that he stood out against some powerful interests in his parish.

Sir John's spite is shown in his representing Morgan as being of lowly birth, and in the innuendo that Morgan had cribbed Davies and Salesbury's labours without acknowledgment. The charge of lowly descent does not hurt now ; it did then. Morgan's people may have been servants on the Gwydir Estate, but not for many generations, for that family of land-grabbers were not so long settled in the district. They had no traditional right to the homestead of the Morgans ; they annexed it and all humankind on it. Morgan's descent was as good as Sir John's ; his bearing was a good deal nobler.

And as to the other innuendo, Morgan acknowledges obligations where they were due, and Sir John could hardly have had much critical faculty to imagine that Morgan had appropriated Salesbury's translation of the New Testament. The innuendo was probably one of Sir John's characteristic inaccuracies, which were of both kinds, conscious and unconscious.

Morgan's translation of the Bible into Welsh, published in 1588, was a great literary achievement. Salesbury had published his translation of the New Testament in 1567, but Salesbury had no literary ability, in spite of his undoubted learning, and his translation was too uncouth to be intelligible.

Morgan's work was beset with difficulties ; he had no dictionary at his elbow with ready-made Welsh equivalents of Hebrew and Greek vocables to choose from. Salesbury's translation may have helped him over the New Testament, but he worked again from the originals to revise Salesbury. He had to grasp the idea in the original, to encompass it in all its subtleties and to hit on a Welsh expression adequate to the idea and definite enough to avoid conveying more than the idea. The resources of the language did not fail him ; if its opulent vocabulary failed to supply an exact expression for some idea that had hitherto not called for it, the plasticity of the language yielded him new coinage without violating either harmony or familiar usage. Morgan lifted Welsh prose to a height it had not known before ; hitherto its resources had not been heavily taxed, for our mediaeval prose had no tougher work before it than the telling of a tale, or the rendering of simply written medical treatises, spurious gospels, homilies and so on, from Latin. Morgan did not invent a new language ; he found the literary instrument to hand. It was a scholastic language, yet not too far removed from the spoken language to offer serious obstacles to its understanding. We know from contemporary testimony that Bible Welsh was not intelligible to the peasantry of one district in North Wales in the early seventeenth century, and, Sunday School drilled as we have been, we

are apt to forget that we had to learn its language ourselves. When we speak of the Welsh language, we are apt to overlook the fact that it is not one indivisible entity. We have a spoken language in many dialects, and a written one. The spoken language has been perfected by long centuries of domestic use to express the simple ideas of the needs of the day with a minimum of mental effort. The written language has been carefully perfected by scholars to express more complex ideas with the least possible wastage in words. The spoken language seizes on anything that serves to hit the mark immediately. The literary language is leisurely in the writing and in the reading : it cultivates forms never used in the spoken language, in syntax and in vocabulary ; it has to express ideas that do not occur in the daily routine of homestead or camp, and to express them economically. It has long been the language of a comparatively small coterie, fastidiously careful of precedents and preferring difficulty to ease.

Naturally the spoken language would diverge more and more from the language of scholars, and three times at least in its history the literary language has had to take a great stride forward to keep in touch with the spoken. The spoken language moves ahead from day to day ; the written language from epoch to epoch.

Morgan seized the literary language at the right moment ; more distinctive mediaevalism was gone, and it was in as close touch with the spoken language as it could go without loss of dignity. The relation of the literary to the spoken language is practically the same now as it was then.

The Welsh Bible of 1588 was polished again by Parry and others, who, rid of the necessity of pioneer work, had ample leisure to touch it up here and there. Morgan himself had able helpers, and comparatively little was left for his successors to modify. The result as we know it to-day is incomparable. We have no prose anything like it in dignity and force. It stands alone, isolated in its augustness.

The literary language we know to-day we have come by from the Welsh Bible and from writers who have assimilated its diction. The literary currency has been modified during the last century, no writer has been able to draw the arrow to the head, and there is a line of demarcation between our most dignified prose and that of the model. The literary language has not, however, drifted to a sufficient extent from the lines of the model to challenge the claim that whatever dialect we speak we write Morgan's Welsh. It was he who laid its foundation ; the Bible did the rest.

J. Glyn Davies.
(Lecturer in Welsh Language and Literature
in the University of Liverpool).

T. J. CLAPPERTON.

T. J. Clapperton, Sculptor ; began art studies at Galashiels (Selkirk) School of Art, 1896 ; held a three years local scholarship from the Science and Art Department at Glasgow School of Art (1899-1902), removed to London 1902, and studied at Kennington School of Art under W. S. Frith, and with Sir Wm. Goscombe John, later entering Royal Academy Schools in 1903, and gaining Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship of £200 ; travelled and studied in France and Italy. Commissions executed : Two panels and four statues in the round, to complete "Mungo Park" monument at Selkirk ; silver challenge shield, presented to H.M.S. Roxburgh by the County, as trophy for gunnery, 1908 ; colossal bronze statue "Literature," surmounting dome of Mitchell Library at Glasgow, 1910 ; presentation statuette portrait in bronze of Robert Louis Stevenson, commissioned by Liberals of the border burghs, 1911 ; bronze memorial tablet and wreath for Stanhope Forbes, R.A., 1912 ; colossal bronze statue to commemorate the "Flodden" tradition of Selkirk, unveiled at Selkirk by Lord Rosebery, June, 1913. Several other memorials and architectural work of minor importance during the above periods. Now executing two colossal stone groups, "Mining" and "Shipping," for National Museum of Wales.

No. 7.—WILLIAMS PANTYCELYN.
1717-1791.
By L. S. Merrifield.

No. 7.—WILLIAMS PANTYCELYN.

1717-1791.

BY

L. S. MERRIFIELD.

This statue represents Pantycelyn, the great hymn writer, in early middle life, in the costume of his period, with head uncovered, hair and garments caught by the winds of his native mountains which he in-breathes, while his hands are momentarily arrested in recording their inspiration. His environment is signified by the Rowan tree at his feet, pregnant with its legendary significance.

WILLIAMS PANTYCELYN.

1717-1791.

William Williams, of Pantycelyn, though he died on January 11th, 1791, has still a dominant influence on Welsh life and character. In his hymns we hear the authentic tones of the religious revival which transformed and transfigured Wales in the 18th century, as we hear the sound of the sea in the shell.

Pantycelyn still lives with us. His hymns are the familiar possession of all, but custom cannot stale the infinite variety of their genius and charm.

Only the memory of those twin sons of thunder, Howel Harris and Daniel Rowland, remains. Hardly a phrase which they uttered, hardly a text upon which they based their fiery message, is remembered. If we want to understand the revival we have to turn to Pantycelyn. In him the Revivalists found a fount which provided an all-pervading solace to every nature alike, and when he began to weave into song the tenderest passions of the soul, hiding the terrors of Hell in the loving mercies of God, he struck the note that could not fail to find a perennial response in every Welsh breast, and the Revival retained its mystic fervidness. His hymns were memorised by everybody.

From the moment of the composition of his hymns they began to take hold of the people. He published them singly or in small numbers, and wherever he went on his daily itinerary he found the people clamouring for them. Their sale was immense, and their recital and setting to music became a vogue, which is still with us. His hymns numbered 916, containing over 4,000 verses, and they have been published over and over again. There is no Church or sect in Wales that does not give pride of place to him.

"Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah !" is one of the most popular hymns wherever English is spoken. It was composed by Pantycelyn in the English language, and not translated from the Welsh, as has been stated by some biographers.

Where can be found, for intensity of imagery and sacred fervour, hymns excelling "Marchog Iesu, yn llwyddianus," "Dechreu canu, dechreu canmol," "Gwaed y Groes sy'n codi fyny," or "Mae'r Iachawdwriaeth fel y môr"? Elvet spoke truly when he said that "as Luther sang Germany into Protestantism so did Williams sing Wales of the eighteenth century into piety."

William Williams was born at Cefncoed, Llanfair-ar-y-bryn, near Llandovery, in 1717. His father was a freeholder, and it is interesting to note, as evidence of the continuity of Puritanism in Wales, that he was a Deacon of the Independent con-

gregation that had met at Cefnarthen, since the days of Cromwell. From his mother he inherited the adjoining farm at Pantycelyn, where he lived the greater part of his life, and where he died in 1791 at the ripe age of 74.

A contemporary, in an obituary published in the "Gentleman's Magazine" in the same year, wrote of "the true poetic fire, striking imagery, and glowing expressions, united with the plaintive muse of the country" in his hymns, adding that "his imagination gave variety and interest to his orations ; his piety was warm, yet candid and charitable ; his manners simple, yet affectionate and obliging, and his moral conduct without blemish and imputation."

It is unfortunate that we have no genuine portrait of the sweet singer of Wales. The portrait which is published as his can lay no claim to authenticity. An aged farmer in Carmarthenshire, who had never received any instruction in the art of drawing, made a rude sketch of Pantycelyn's features as he remembered them. He had seen the great man once. It was sixty years after that he tried to reproduce them in the title page of one of his hymn-books. The sketch was touched up by a Scottish artist. The sculptor has therefore had to depend for his conception of Williams on his own creative genius and imagination.

A great deal of his MSS. is still extant, displaying the firm caligraphy of an educated man, but he left hardly a line of autobiography. In their joint work, "Y Tadau Methodistaidd," the Rev. J. Morgan Jones and Mr William Morgan state that the only piece of autobiography they were able to trace was the following excerpt from an English letter to the Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala, a little time before his death, in which Williams wrote :—

"My days are drawing to an end, my course is nearly run ; I have had a long life. I am now 73 years old. My strength would yet be pretty good were it not for the affliction my Heavenly Father has laid upon me. I have been preaching for the last forty-three years, and have travelled on an average between forty and fifty miles every week during that time. I had four or five long journeys last spring through the counties of South Wales. Each was about a fortnight's space, and I travelled each time about two hundred miles. I intended going through North Wales, but these long journeys have together with my complaint, so weakened me that I have no hope of mending."

It is a standing wonder how he found time, not only to compose hundreds of poems and hymns, but to publish also bulky volumes of prose, of which the most notable is his "Pantheologia, or the History of all the Religions of the World," which was printed at Carmarthen and Brecon in 1763, and has run into several editions. Others of his prose works have been published over and over again, whilst his epics and elegies have also had enormous circulation. "The Life and Death of Theomemphus" is a poem of high merit, and his elegies on Griffith

Jones, Daniel Rowland, and Howell Harris are not only historically valuable, but their literary power and grace entitle them to a permanent niche in the temple of Welsh poesy.

Kilsby Jones was the first to edit his works with anything approaching completeness in a quarto volume of 812 pages. Later, his works were edited by Cynhafal Jones, and Mr W. Morgan's "Album Williams Pantycelyn" is a monument of patient, loving research.

Williams was, for his age and generation, an educated man. He had been intended by his father to be a doctor, and in his teens he was sent to a school which was kept at Llwynllwyd, near Talgarth, by an Independent minister, the Rev. Vavasour Griffiths. One Sunday in 1738, when he was 21 years old, the young student chanced to hear Howell Harris, who was then commencing his passionate ministry, preach in Talgarth Churchyard. The effect was instanteous. In his old age, when theological disputes and faults of temper had alienated him from Harris for years, he described in touching language his indebtedness to his spiritual father—

Dyma'r bore, byth mi gofia,
Clywais innau lais y nef ;
Daliwyd fi wrth wys oddiuchod,
Gan ei swn dychrynllyd ef ;
Ac er crwydro'r dyrus anial,
Ol a gwrthol dileshâd,
Tra b'o anadl yn fy ffroenau,
Mi a'i galwaf ef yn dad !

The young student determined to seek Holy Orders, for Howell Harris to his dying day looked upon himself as a member of the Church of England. In 1740 he was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of St. David's, and for three years he served as Curate of Llanwrtyd. In 1743, however, on the advice, it is said, of George Whitfield, be became an itinerary preacher. He never formally severed his connection with the Church, and in his elegy to Daniel Rowland he speaks with reverence of

Hen erthyglau Eglwys Loegr,
Cathechis' Westminster Fawr.

But his mission was to save souls, and he allowed neither parochial limits nor ecclesiastical censures to curtail his activity as an Evangelist. And yet, tho' a godly and saintly man, if ever there was one, his works reveal him as a man of bubbling humour and of real wit. It is the human note, more than grace of diction or loftiness of genius, that has endeared his hymns to his people. It may truly be said that Williams of Pantycelyn was one of the greatest benefactors the people of Wales have ever had.

E. Elliss Hughes.

L. S. MERRIFIELD.

Leonard Stanford Merrifield, born in 1880 at Wyck Rissington, Gloucestershire ; commenced art training at Cheltenham in 1895, proceeding to London in 1900 ; studied under W. S. Frith at the City Guilds of London School of Art, Kennington, gaining admission four years later to Royal Academy Schools, where he won the Landseer Scholarship and Armitage Prize. After further study in the studio of Sir W. Goscombe John, R.A., he undertook several commissions, and has since 1906 exhibited periodically in Royal Academy and other Exhibitions. Among his other works are portrait busts of Alderman David Jones, J.P. (Cardiff City Hall), Mr Robert Drane (National Museum of Wales), Lord Sherborne, Viscount Wolseley, K.P., Col. Sir Anthony A. Weldon, Bt., Dr. Leonard Hill, F.R.S., Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, Professor Ozawa, Madame Koike, and Dr. Tsicamoto. Has executed memorials to Bishop Blunt, of Hull, in Scarborough and Hessel Parish Churches, Sarah Jane Howell at Brynmenyn, Mrs Studholme at York Minster. Now engaged on a portrait statue to Richard Trevethick for Camborne, Cornwall ; memorial fountain to Trevethick, commissioned by Lord Rhondda for Merthyr Tydfil; and fountain to be erected at Marlow to memory of late Charles Frohman. Designed First Aid and Home Nursing medal for Glamorgan County Council, and executed colossal bronze lions for Tokio, Japan.

No. 8.—DAFYDD AB GWILYM.
14th Century.
By W. W. WAGSTAFF.

No. 8.—DAFYDD AB GWILYM.

14TH CENTURY.

BY

W. W. WAGSTAFF.

In this conception of Dafydd ab Gwilym, the romantic Welsh poet, he is represented as a gentle bard, youthful, endowed with movement and life, with a sensibility to every mood and manifestation of Nature. He carries a harp, and is represented as just about to burst forth into song.

DAFYDD AB GWILYM.

14TH CENTURY.

Dafydd ab Gwilym is, and has been for nearly five centuries, the most celebrated of Welsh mediaeval poets. Other poets in our own day have been more popular, and one has only to instance Ceiriog, but that is only to be expected, for Ceiriog's poetry needs no preparatory study of mediaeval Welsh to get at the meaning of lines here and there, whereas Dafydd ab Gwilym's poems do, if they are to be read right through, and not pecked at here and there for a choice morsel. And even then unintelligible passages remain to puzzle the best-equipped readers.

It is not to be expected that the language of a poet five centuries and a half ago should be instantly intelligible, nor that his poems should have reached us, handed down by bards and reciters along the centuries, without suffering damage. Indeed, the marvel is that the poems are as intelligible as they are, and that so much of the language is the familiar currency of to-day. We need not waste time to discuss who was the greater poet, Ceiriog or Dafydd ab Gwilym. That muddle-headed scheme of grading poets in order of merit came over from France at the end of the seventeenth century, and Lewis Morris was responsible for giving it a good vogue in Wales in the eighteenth century. It still flourishes here amongst those of much faith in anything that comes from a college teacher, whether it be on his own subject or someone else's. Dafydd ab Gwilym and Ceiriog can be contrasted, but hardly compared ; they are different in kind, and different voices of different ages and different civilisations. And there are others besides Ceiriog who will not go under to Dafydd ab Gwilym ; Dafydd Llwyd ab Llewelyn, Gutto'r Glyn, Howel Rheinallt, Tudur Aled and Sion Tudur, to mention a few of the Tudor regime.

In modern times Lewis Morris of Anglesey, Eben Fardd and Dewi Wyn are not to be overtopped by him, and he could no more have entered into the spiritual world of Islwyn than into a taxi.

All different in kind, appealing to us to-day according to the life experience and temperament of each individual reader. Let us crown our own kings, and dethrone them if we feel so minded as we grow older and change our tastes, or happier still, set up a crowd of them in harmonious equality.

If the sliding scale of bardic precedence is to be contemptuously flung aside, why should Dafydd ab Gwilym be singled out for special honour now ; Dafydd ab Gwilym can claim pre-eminence in respects that no other Welsh poet can. His

past lustre, still undimmed, can be safely traced back at least four and a half centuries. He even may have been famous in his own day. During the long span of centuries poets have regarded him as the supreme master of his craft, and scribes since the sixteenth century have left behind them a bewildering multiplicity of his poems, sometimes taken from recitation, sometimes copied from the M.S. of an obliging lender, and sometimes copied out afresh for an eager customer. No other poet seems to have had so much attention paid him by copyists, and they indicate pretty safely what the tastes of their age were in poetry. Whatever discordant notes there may have been, they have failed to restrain the delight of the majority of Welsh literary folk in the magic of the great mediaeval bard.

To-day his fame is wider spread than ever it was. Borrow and Cowell have made him known to English readers, Loth and Dottin to French readers, and five years ago the late Dr. Stern, of Berlin, published his "Davydd ab Gwilym, ein Walisischer Minnesanger des 14 Jahrhunderts," the only really systematic and comprehensive treatment of the poet extant in any language.

What gave Dafydd ab Gwilym's verse this unique hold on the imagination of Welshmen ; what was the glamour that attracted scholars of other nations ; He was the great master of an art that seems to have found its special development in Wales. His art is the love-song in a gorgeous setting of wild nature.

There was nothing exclusively Welsh about the combination ; the pastoral of the middle ages, the arts of troubador and minnesigner, the peculiar industry of the Goliard, all these had long made the main ideas of Dafydd's songs familiar in the cloisters. But where Dafydd ab Gwilym seems to make the Welsh art a distinctive one is in his greater preoccupation with wild nature itself. His wealth of simile and metaphor found greater scope in fanciful descriptions of bird and beast, fog and snow, woodland and fen, than in the less adaptable material of abstract love.

Expanded by this treatment, nature poetry bulked large, and in many poems takes up nearly the whole length. The art of simile and metaphor was a special one, the Riddle art of the Dark Ages in its Welsh development. It was the grafting of this art on a cloistral pastoral that, in all probability, brought about the product that gives Wales so distinctive a place in European literature. Dafydd's art is the product of the profane muse of the cloisters, the clearing-houses in Wales of everything that was going the rounds of the Monks in profane poetry, but whether it was Dafydd who first gave voice in the Welsh language to this cosmopolitan culture we do not know. He is the first we know of to do it, and also the first we know of to compose poetry in a language that is in a great measure the literary Welsh of to-day. More than that, he is the earliest of the great singers of wild nature in mediaeval Europe. Wales and Ireland had been the first in the Dark Ages in songs of nature in the vernacular ; Dafydd ab Gwilym led the way again in his own period. He is a European phenomenon.

Dafydd ab Gwilym's love poetry owes much of its charm to its slightness ; there is no dark passion in it ; it is airy make-believe. In the same way his nature poetry charms by its superficiality : his verse is not rhymed ornithology. There is none of that intimacy that the mower knows as he rests on his scythe to watch wild things scamper away to safer cover. The song of the blackbird and thrush predominates : the birch makes a perpetual green background. He invites his lady to the green woods and at his beck all the birds of the air are to receive her with gentle courtesy. Self-assurance was never so palpable as in Dafydd ab Gwilym's verse, and this alone gives his poetry an individuality that is wellnigh unique in Welsh. There is a glamour in the strong personal note ; the temperament is an attractive one ; airy, good humoured even in abuse of obstacles, and gradiloquent. He decides to die of the anguish of unrequited love, and he does it with his tongue in his cheek. He tells the tale against himself. Most of those who fall into a bog-hole on the tramp to visit the lady would keep the incident to themselves, Dafydd makes a song of it. Most realisitic of poets, he is also the most deceptive unless we read each poem in the light of the whole.

His theme and its setting are attractive, and always will be ; his treatment by exquisite simile and metaphor heightens the attraction of the setting, and his temperament, so free from sulkiness and surliness, casts the personal glamour over the whole.

What manner of man was he ; We know next to nothing about him that can be soundly based on good evidence. The legends that pass for his biography are demonstrably false ; the poems containing the most plentiful data are forged. We have to deal with a disembodied spirit of poetry. His date is unfixed : one of his poems was written in 1345, and that suggests a period of 1320 to 1380 at the latest. He wrote poems to undated people ; one of them was Ifor Hael of Bassaleg, whose descendants in the male line were in existence in the sixteenth century. And his authentic biography does not go much further. On Dafydd ab Gwilym's personal appearance we have not a glimmer of light. We have our own imaginings ; we cannot think of a man without putting up some sort of mental effigy, and if Dafydd ab Gwilym could emerge from his unknown grave for one short hour, we should all be probably astonished at his unlikeness to anything we had conceived.

J. Glyn Davies.

(Lecturer in Welsh Language and Literature
in the University of Liverpool).

W. W. WAGSTAFF.

William Wheatley Wagstaff, Sculptor ; born in London, 1880 ; studied in Keighley School of Art ; City and Guilds of London School of Art, Kennington; Royal Academy Schools ; Royal Academy Medal for Modelled Design, 1908, Principal works : At City Hall, Cardiff, Memorial Tablet to late Captain Scott, R.N., K.C.B., C.V.O., various portrait busts and architectural decorative works.

No. 9.—GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS.
1146-1223.
By Henry Poole, R.B.S.

No. 9.—GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS.

1146-1223.

BY

HENRY POOLE, R.B.S.

The intention of the Sculptor is to depict the great ecclesiastic, Giraldus Cambrensis, not with his hands crossed and saying his prayers in his best clothes but in his work-a-day dress (the cassock of the period), book in hand, pen case and inkhorn in his girdle, for his was a great literary bent. His learning was prodigious, as is displayed lavishly and ostentatiously in every page of his writings. He began life as an aristocratic Norman and ended a Welsh patriot.

GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS.

1146-1223.

Gerald the Welshman was born, probably in 1147, at Manorbier Castle, in the county of Pembroke. He died probably at Lincoln, about the year 1223. On his father's side he was descended from a race of Norman adventurers, whose memory is preserved in the name of Barry Island. On his mother's, he was descended from the Royal Princes of South Wales. His grandmother was the Princess Nest, daughter of Rhys ap Tewdwr Mawr, the last independent Prince of South Wales : the mother by different fathers, of the Fitzgeralds, the Fitzstephens, and the Fitzhenries, who carved out for themselves a great career by the conquest of Ireland ; the concubine of Henry I. ; the paramour of Prince Owen ap Cadwgan of Powis ; the Helen whose amorous adventures plunged the whole of Wales in a welter of internecine strife.

Gerald was, therefore, born to romance and adventure. He was a born fighter. His brothers were stalwart knights, famed for their prowess in field and tourney ; Gerald himself from his boyhood resolved to enter the Church, but "the habit of religion" could not stifle his agressive and dominating personality. With a true instinct, he called himself "Gerald the Welshman," for, in spite of his mixed descent, he was a typical Welshman. His cheerful vanity, his naive simplicity, his ineffable satisfaction with himself and all that was his, his combativeness, his sensitiveness, his pride in his "natio et cogantio", his county and his family, his wit and lively fancy, his hatred of the "untriwe Sax," his "Brittanic frankness," his facile pen, his eloquent tongue, his trick of style, his elegant, rather than erudite, scholarship, his credulity and his shrewdness—do not these qualities make him live seven hundred years after his death and appear to our fancy almost as if he were a contemporary Welshman ?

Gerald was perhaps the first conscious Welsh Nationalist. He took a fierce pride in his race, in his family, in his birthplace. He loved to praise the songs, the poetry, the "cynghanedd," the harps, the bards, the warriors, the Princes, and the saints of Wales. He was the universal scholar of a scholarly age. Professor Freeman names him "the father of comparative philology," Mr Reginald Poole calls him "the cleverest critic of his time." John Richard Green says that he was "the father of popular literature." Miss Kate Norgate describes him as the first great journalist of England. He says of himself that "of all the British writers Gildas alone appears to be worthy of imitation, for, by committing to paper the things which he himself saw and knew," he had won enduring fame as a historian. That is perhaps his greatest title to distinction. But for him we should know nothing of the conquest and condition of Ireland in the twelfth century ; our knowledge of Wales and her people would be scanty, and we should be without the

gossip and the anecdotes which serve to make the Age of Coeur-de-lion live before our eye.

In spite of his Welshmanship, Gerald was a citizen of the world. He had studied at Paris, and had lectured at Oxford. He knew Philip Augustus and Louis "the Dauphin." He made four long visits to Rome. He was the intimate friend of Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, the author of Magna Carta, and of Innocent III., the greatest of the Popes. He was chaplain to Henry II. and to Prince John ; he knew Richard of the Lion Heart, the mirror of chivalry and the darling of Romance.

He has described with cruel candour the characters and appearances of the Plantagenets. King Henry, with his large, round head and fat, round belly, his fierce eyes, his tigerish temper, his learning, his licentiousness, his duplicity ; Queen Eleanor, his vixenish wife, who murdered Fair Rosamund—who was born, like Gerald himself, in South Wales ; their wolfish brood ; Archbishop Hubert, with his bad Latin ; Archbishop Baldwin, the saintly prelate who preached the Crusade through Wales and died on the burning plains of Palestine heart-broken at the unbridled licentiousness of the soldiers of the Cross ; St. Hugh of Lincoln, the sweetest and purest spirit of the Mediaeval Church ; Robert Grosstete, the greatest of Anglican prelates ; Glanville, the first of the great jurists of England; the fierce Geraldines, who subdued Ireland by the unaided force of their own prowess and genius ; Walter de Map, the creator of Sir Galahad, the stainless knight of Christian chivalry ; Thomas a Becket, the martyr of an Erastian system which he himself helped to create ; Owen Gwynedd and Llewelyn the Great, the Lord Rhys of Dinevor and Gwenwynwyn of Powis ; all these he knew intimately, and of all these he wrote with a freshness and vivacity which make them live in his graphic pages.

Gerald was no dry-as-dust chronicler. He felt the "joie de vivre" ; he lived every moment of his seventy-six years. His judgment of men was quick and penetrating. He was no hero worshipper. Living in the golden age of chivalry which has been immortalised by a wizard pen in "The Talisman" and "Ivanhoe," he saw nothing heroic in Coeur-de-lion, nothing noble in Henry II., the most powerful Prince of his time. He saw the foibles and follies of men, and he became a frank egotist. Of all the men of his age, he thought that Gerald the Welshman was the greatest, the wisest, and the best. He constantly dwells on the good looks which he had inherited from the Princess Nest. "Is it possible so fair a youth can die ?" asked Bishop Baldwin when he saw him in his student days. Even in his letters to Pope Innocent, Gerald could not refrain from repeating a compliment paid to him on his beauty by Matilda, the wife of De Braose, Lord of Brecon. He loves to speak of his generosity, his learning, his fame, his literary works, his eloquence, his zeal for the Church, his administrative energy, his virtuous life, and his certainty of imperishable renown.

Yet, judged by the ordinary standards, Gerald's life was not a success. The son of a powerful Norman, Lord Marcher, and the cousin of the Welsh Prince, he was destined to speedy promotion in the Church. He became a pluralist at an early age. His uncle, David Fitzgerald, good easy man, was Bishop of St. David's, and nepotism was rife in those far-off days. Livings and prebends were showered on the young cleric, and at twenty-eight be became Archdeacon of Brecon.

But Gerald's ambition was to become Bishop of St. David's, and when safely installed on the throne of Dewi Sant to revive the metropolitan powers of the ancient see. At one time it almost seemed as if he would attain his ambition. In 1176, when he was only twenty-nine years of age, he was nominated by the chapter for the King's choice. The King, however, was not disposed to set up a Becket in Wales. He forced the chapter, in his own presence in Westminster, to elect Peter de Leia, Bishop of St. David's. For twenty years the alien bishop ruled over the Welsh see. His monument is the noble cathedral which he erected on the rocks which bound the western sea.

In 1198, again, the chance came to Gerald. Peter died, and the chapter once more nominated Gerald. The King was obdurate, and Gerald's hopes were finally shattered. He fought hard, and fought long. He appealed to Rome. He enlisted the sympathies and support of all the Princes of Wales. He was backed by the clergy and chapter of St. David's, but nought availed. He was born out of due time, and he was defeated. Pope Innocent was too wary a statesman to rouse the anger of a powerful King in order to restore the independence of four or five poor sees. After five years' fighting the Pope decided against our poor Gerald, and the English King's nominee has ever since sat on the throne of Dewi Sant. "Many and great wars," said Gwenwynwyn, the cultured Prince of Powis, "have we Welshmen waged with England, but none so great and fierce as his who fought the King and the Archbishop, and withstood the might of the whole clergy and people of England for the honour of Wales." It is perhaps in accord with poetic justice that the last Archbishop of Canterbury who received the pallium from the Pope—Reginald Pole—was a descendant of the Princes of Powis, and that his Sovereign, Mary Tudor, was descended from Gerald's cousin, Yr Arglwydd Rhys of Dinevor.

Gerald has been too long ignored by his countrymen. His "Itinerary through Wales" and his "Description of Wales" are vivid sketches of our ancestors seven centuries ago. He points out their faults, but he makes it clear that in his opinion, though he had travelled far and knew many lands, the Welsh were the best, the bravest, the quickest-witted, the most musical, and the most cultured, the best scholars, and the bonniest fighters in the world. They were a nation of gentlemen ; and Gerald made it equally clear that he himself was the most typical Welshman of them all.

W. Llewelyn Williams, K.C., M.P.
(Recorder of Cardiff.)

HENRY POOLE, R.B.S.

Henry Poole, R.B.S., received his art education at Lambeth School of Art and Royal Academy Schools, winning several scholarships and prizes ; studied under the late Harry Bates, A.R.A., and G. F. Watts, R.A., O.M. For many years has been constant exhibitor at Royal Academy and elsewhere. Many public buildings throughout the country, including Rotherhithe, Bethnal Green, and Deptford Town Halls, Birmingham Council Chamber, new Wesleyan Hall at Westminster, and City Hall, at Cardiff, bear evidence of his work. Other works may be seen at Messrs. Colnaghi and Obach's new art gallery in Bond Street, and offices in Fenchurch Street and Gracechurch Street ; has executed lead fountain in courtyard of Duchy of Cornwall estate office at Kennington, recumbent figures of late Lord de Vesci and Earl Cowper, memorials to Sir Daniel Cooper and Mr Seddon (Premier of New Zealand), and King Edward VII. statue and fountains at Bristol. Now engaged upon life size statue in oak of St. George for Chapel of St. Michael and St. George, St. Paul's Cathedral. Member of Royal Society of British Sculptors, National Portrait Society and Art Workers' Guild.

No. 10.—OWEN GLYNDWR—OWEN GLENDOWER.
1359-1415
By Alfred Turner, R.B.S.

No. 10.—OWEN GLYNDWR—OWEN GLENDOWER.

1359-1415.

BY

ALFRED TURNER, R.B.S.

The statue represents the great Welsh patriot as the soldier statesman—the enthusiast with lofty ideals and noble aims—not a mere ambitious rebel as wrongfully depicted in English histories, but a man who fought with splendid courage for the independence of Wales and the advancement of the people. Spiritual aspirations rather than desire for material success is depicted in the figure.

OWEN GLYNDWR—OWEN GLENDOWER.

1359-1415.

Welshmen are often asked why they rate Owen Glyndwr as the national hero of Wales, rather than one or other of the successful Kings and Princes of earlier days.

The answer is easy. Those Kings and Princes were born in a Wales that was more or less independent. They had only to fight for or extend that independence and always they had to their hand a ready weapon in the chiefs and trained warriors of the stubborn clans of their people, accustomed to national freedom and independence.

In Glyndwr's day every freeman in Wales was still a warrior, but, instead of being accustomed to national independence, they were accustomed rather to the ideas of national fetters, though they were also accustomed to the dream of one day winning back their freedom. To that extent Glyndwr did have a weapon ready to his hand. It is his abiding claim on us that he seized that weapon and used it with such effectiveness as gave Welsh nationalism a fresh lease of life, so vigorous that it was ready to gather to the call of Henry Tudor, to make its dream good, full seventy stubborn years after Glyndwr's own death in dimness.

What makes the great man of action ? Surely it is the soul to dream, the brain to plan, the arm to accomplish. Glyndwr's doings for Wales prove how truly he had the soul to dream and the brain to plan, and also how certainly his arm would have accomplished his dream had the odds between Wales and England been anywhere within sight of equal.

In the smug wording of the preamble to the Statue of Rhuddlan, in 1283, one may read how ineffably sure England was that Wales was done with for ever. In the savage statutes of repression, passed in 1402, we may read how tremendously Glyndwr had shatttered that sureness for good and all. The difference between the atmosphere of the two enactments is the measure of Glyndwr's achievement.

Turning to Glyndwr the man, it is a commonplace of writers to assure us that he was no mere savage hillsider, but a wealthy, polished, and courteous gentleman, practised in law, in camp, in court, and in travel. But we get the "t's" crossed and the "i's" dotted for us when we read of the gift of the King of France to him. "What does he love most, that I may send it to him as a gift ?" demanded the French King of Owen's ambassador and son-in-law, smooth John Hanmer. "Arms," replied Hanmer, and arms—a Royal sword and armour—the King sent to cement

the alliance with Owen. We get an echo of the same thing also in Shakespeare, when the King retorts that Mortimer durst as soon have met the devil alone as Owen Gyndwr for an enemy. It was this combination of polished scholar and fighter which made him so effective.

It was in September of 1400 that Owen raised the banner of Welsh independence. But there is evidence in plenty that Wales had been preparing for war for months before. A certain Meredydd ap Owen had been bargaining for an army of Hebrideans to land at Barmouth and help the Welsh, which could only be for a fight for independence. If this were Meredydd, son of Owen Glyndwr, he could not have been more than a bare twenty-one years old at the time. Nevertheless, men came into action much earlier than they do now, and there is, so far, no evidence of any other Meredydd ap Owen of any standing at that time, therefore we must give this weight.

Grey of Ruthyn, who furnished Glyndwr with the pretext for rising, must not be dismissed as a mere blindly predatory fool. Henry IV. was a man of great brains, or he could not have accomplished what he did. Such a man would not have had Grey for so close a friend unless Grey had brains also. The whole story of Grey's opening moves reads as if Glyndwr's intentions were known, and that Grey undertook to deal with him at once as the surest means of scotching the danger of a Welsh rising. Therefore, we need use no hard words of Grey. From his own point of view he was undertaking a most important duty.

Why should Glyndwr have been the leader of the Welsh rising? For one of two reasons. Either he himself may have chosen the task from pure patriotism, or the bards and patriots at large may have come to him because he was not only descended from Bleddyn ap Cynvyn, of Powys, as well as from the Princes of S. Wales, but he was the greatest native Welsh magnate of acknowledged Royal descent in his day.

When Wales fell with Llewelyn the Last, seemingly wounded to death, and the torch of freedom in her stricken hand flickering to extinction, as her foes thought, it was Glyndwr at last who, sword in hand, raised the bleeding figure again, lifted that hand with the torch on high once more, and set her safe again in the mountains, secure from the danger of utter death in the future. Wales is Wales to-day because of Glyndwr. For that, and that alone, we set him high and keep his memory green.

His rebellion did not succeed. The defeat of his ally Hotspur at Shrewsbury made success impossible. Yet for years afterwards Owen maintained his resistance to the English power and against the greatest captain of the age. He convened a Parliament of notables at Machynlleth—the last Parliament held on Welsh soil;

he planned the establishment of a Welsh University ; he dreamed dreams of a National Church, which would be free from the usurped powers of English Kings and Archbishops. We know from the shame-faced admission of Adam, of Usk, that Owen was still at large among the hills of Merioneth from 1408 to 1411. We know, too, that he was alive in 1415, when Henry V., on the eve of embarkation to France and Agincourt, granted the great rebel a free pardon. That is the last mention we have of Owen, and we may conclude from the royal graciousness that he was no longer a power to be feared. But, though his rebellion failed, he implanted a shining spirit of nationalism in Welsh hearts which has never since been quenched. Dafydd ab Gwilym, singing in the 14th century, in the generation after the downfall of Llewelyn, breathes no sigh over the loss of Welsh independence and no aspiration for the freedom of Wales from the foreign yoke. The 15th century bards were patriots all, eagerly expecting the triumph of the Red Dragon of Cadwaladr over the Royal Standard of England. Among Owen's most ardent supporters were his kinsmen, the young Tudors of Penmynydd. One of them, Rhys ap Tudor, was hanged in London in 1411 for complicity in the Welsh rebellion. A dozen years later his nephew, Owen Tudor, was married in London to Catherine, Queen Dowager of England and France, and through that marriage became the grandfather of Henry Tudor, the first Welshman since the coming of the Saxons to be enthroned King of England. The fierce family and racial pride of the Tudors, their sardonic contempt for and hatred of the old nobility of England, their insistence on their claim to rule by right of conquest, and not by right of birth or by Parliamentary title, may have been the inherited lesson which their ancestor first learnt at the feet of Owen Glyndwr.

OWEN RHOSCOMYL.

ALFRED TURNER, R.B.S.

Alfred Turner, R.B.S., began artistic studies at City and Guilds School of Art under Mr. Frith ; entered R.A. Schools in 1894 at the age of 20, and also worked in studio of late Harry Bates, A.R.A. ; won British Institute Scholarship, Armitage Prize Silver Medal for Life Studies, Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship. On return from Italy executed marble figures in Fishmongers' Hall, London ; won in open competition commission of Queen Victoria Memorial outside Town Hall, Sheffield. Among other public works are Queen Victoria Memorial at Delhi ; Queen Victoria Memorial, North Shields ; King Edward Memorial, Lyallpur, India ; part of Sculpture at Old Bailey, London.

No. 11.—Sir THOMAS PICTON.
1758-1815.
By T. Mewburn Crook, R.B.S.

No. II.—SIR THOMAS PICTON.

1758-1815.

BY

T. MEWBURN CROOK, R.B.S.

General Sir Thomas Picton, who was Wellington's chief lieutenant in the Peninsular War and the Waterloo Campaign, has been described as of a masterful and volcanic character. He is here represented in full dress uniform, with a military cloak slung loosely over the shoulders, wearing the decorations, medals and clasps of a K.G.C.B., and of the Portugese Order of the Tower and Sword.

The pose is designed to express that restless, unceasing energy, which he has been so often spoken of as transmitting to the regiments under his charge—that strength of will and habit of combining instantaneous action with the word of command that gave heart and courage to his troops.

The right foot is advanced, the left hand grasps the sword, the body is thrown slightly forward with the shoulders and head erect, the right arm arrested in a half-flexed position, whilst the bold features of the face, the large forehead, full and fearless eyes, large nose and the firm lines around the mouth, strong jaw and chin, express the characteristics of one of the greatest Generals.

SIR THOMAS PICTON.

1758-1815.

"PICTON IS IN" were the magic words that passed in whispers from lip to lip in the trenches of Badajoz on the night of April 6, 1812, and quickened the courage and renewed the hopes of the flower of Wellington's fighting force in the Peninsular when on the very verge of defeat and despair. The night was dark, and a thick fog blotted out the landscape from the sight of the commander-in-chief, who, with his staff was mounted on high ground some distance away from the fortress, and was moody and silent, and at this moment utterly despondent of success. He knew of the unparalleled heroism of his men, and if he understood the meaning of their exultant shouts that now and again rent the air, he also understood the significance of the ceaseless wailing and groaning that assailed his ears. He was in constant communication with his officers at the front, but not from one of the messengers that came to him did he extract even a ray of hope. Just as he was about to order the retreat to be sounded Picton's aide-de-camp, guided by the glare of the torches on the ramparts, rode up to him at full speed.

"Who's that ?" said Wellington.

"Lieutenant Tyler," was the reply.

"Ah ! Tyler. Well ?"

"General Picton has taken the castle, my Lord."

"Then the place is ours," said Wellington. "Tell him to keep it at all hazards".

"Picton is in," muttered the soldiers ; they knew, as well as their chief, that the beginning of the end had come, and the words, we may feel sure, converted many a groan into a smile of peaceful content, and even the agony of death into a delightful dream. The next day the garrison surrendered, and the triumphant British soldiers entered Badajoz.

Wellington's eulogies of his lieutenants were usually restrained and subdued, but Lord Liverpool, when he spoke of Picton in the House of Commons on April 27, 1812, must have been inspired by the dispatches of Wellington. These were his lordship's words :—

"The conduct of General Picton has inspired a confidence in the army ; he exhibited an example of science and bravery which has been surpassed by no other officer. His exertions in the attack on the 6th cannot but excite the most lively feelings of admiration."

I may as well state in this place that Picton received the profuse thanks of the House of Commons seven times, and had he been more supple in the knee than he was and more pliant in the back, softer of speech and more obsequious of manner,

there can be no doubt whatever that a peerage would have come his way. Five of Wellington's lieutenants were raised to the peerage. And to-day they have all been practically forgotten except by the students of military history ; whereas Picton, on the other hand, stands forth now, as he did a hundred years ago, as the one really great fighting figure of Wellington's army. To remove his name from the annals of the Peninsular War and from the story of Waterloo would be like removing the name of Stonewall Jackson from the story of the American Civil War, or the name of John Nicholson from the records of the Indian Mutiny. Three more striking and heroic figures than these men have never brightened the page of history.

Picton was above six feet in height. He carried his stature well—stood up straight as a lance. All the thirty-three bones in his back were in their places, and were well and firmly set. He had a stern, confident, and masterful look at all times and in the presence of all men ; but, being a man of genius, he was occasionally a sufferer from depression of spirits.

He generally wore a blue frock-coat, very tightly buttoned up to the throat, and coiled round his neck was a large black silk handkerchief. There was thus but little or no collar showing. He usually wore dark trousers and a round hat, and it was thus he was dressed when at Quatre Bras and on the field of Waterloo, for his uniform had not arrived when he and Wellington, in the small hours of the morning, had to ride out together to the front. He was a fine horseman, and always carried a slight cane in his hand on the field of battle.

Foul language he never used, but of strong language he was a consummate master. He damned every duffer that stood in his way and the longer the pedigree of the duffer the more certain and varied was the damnation. He was a severe disciplinarian, and though, perhaps, he was not greatly loved by his men, they had unbounded admiration for him, and under him they fought better than under any other man.

But let there be no mistake. Picton was not simply a daring, impetuous, and fiery soldier. He had been all his life a student of the art of war, with the result that he was a master of strategy. It is recorded to his discredit that he declined, with a big D, to support General Crawfurd at Coa, and thus caused Crawfurd to suffer defeat at the hands of the French. But may not Picton have refused to aid that splendid but at times very reckless soldier because he had made a grave tactical blunder ? Picton had little or no patience with blunderers at any time.

Sir Walter Scott says that Picton was second in command at Waterloo. Sir William Fraser, the great-nephew of General Crawfurd, carries the matter a little further, and declares that when Picton's coat was unbuttoned on the field of Waterloo the commission appointing him commander-in-chief, in the event of Wellington being killed or disabled, was found in the breast pocket.

A few figures would seem to be necessary here. He and Nelson were born in the same year—1758. At Poyston, in the county of Pembroke, Picton first saw the light. His eldest brother took the name of "Turberville" and inherited his mother's property. General Sir Thomas Picton bought Iscoed, which is situate near Ferryside, Carmarthenshire, with the money left to him by his uncle General William Picton, and he was only there to put the place straight, as he intended residing at Iscoed if he had returned. General Sir Thomas Picton inherited considerable property through his father. He began soldiering when he was but fifteen years of age, and for a long period of time ill-luck persistently dogged his footsteps. I have no space to deal with the scandalous persecution to which he was subjected, or even to deal with the series of glorious episodes that followed his final triumph over his enemies. I must refer the reader to the history of the Peninsular War for a list of most of his brilliant achievements.

In the year 1815 General Sir Thomas Picton was elevated to the rank of Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, being the highest class of that distinguished Order.

When he had retired to his home full of honours and to pass, as he thought, the remainder of his days in peace in the land of his fathers, he was suddenly summoned by his old chief, Wellington, to Belgium to meet the great Napoleon and his marshals. He immediately obeyed the summons. The night before he left his native land for ever he spent at Poyston, his home, before he proceeded to Waterloo. He had a presentiment that he would never return alive. A few days before, whilst dining at Tregyb, near Llandilo, he said, "When you hear of my death you will hear of a bloody day." It was the bloody day of Waterloo. On that day "he was holding the key of a vital position." In that furious irresistible charge which swept away the dense columns of the French into space Picton was in front waving his hat, and his mighty shout "Hurrah !" was heard with a thrill by tens of thousands of men. It was his last word. A bullet pierced his temple, and his death was instantaneous. So passed away the greatest soldier that Wales has produced in modern times.

Sir Thomas Picton was buried in the graveyard of St. George's Church, Hanover Square, but was moved and re-interred in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral in 1859, the place being specially shewn by an inscribed grave-stone over the remains, and a monument erected in one of the transcepts of the Cathedral. Mr William Owen (who was then the High Sheriff of Pembrokeshire, and the father of Dr. Henry Owen who now resides at Poyston, the residence of General Sir Thomas Picton), and Sir John Henry Scourfield, Bt., then M.P. for the County of Pembroke, were the only mourners who followed the remains. I believe that the finest and noblest monument of the gallant and heroic soldier will hereafter be found in the magnificent City Hall of the City of Cardiff.

SIR MARCHANT WILLIAMS.

T. MEWBURN CROOK, R.B.S.

Thomas Mewburn Crook, Hon. A.R.C.A., R.B.S., R.B.A., 1910, Sculptor ; educated at Xavierian Collegiate Institute, Manchester ; studied art at Church Institute, Bolton, Techincal School, Manchester, Royal College of Art, South Kensington, and visited chief galleries and towns of Belgium, France, Spain and Italy. Assistant Modelling Master at Royal College of Art, 1894-95 ; Modelling Master and Artistic Anatomy Lecturer at Municipal School of Art, Manchester, 1896-1905.

WORKS : Caryatides, figures and panels in decoration of Council Chamber of School of Technology, Manchester ; choir stalls, panels, Lady Altar and pulpit of Church of St. Mary, Wigan; fountain figure and dolphins on fountain in the Park, Dukinfield ; designed and executed in silver repousse, cover to address presented by Manchester Corporation on visit of Prince and Princess of Wales, 1902 ; numerous busts, including Balaclava veteran in bronze, Cemaes, Anglesea ; exhibitor of life-size statues at the Royal Academy, "Evening Prayer," "Madonna and Child," "Eurydice," "Mysteries," "Youth," "Lilies," "Spring," and (in marble) "Mysteries," "Lilies" and "Tidal Wave."